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Single Numbers of *THE LIVING AGE*, 18 cents.

"FEVER."

BY A. T. FULLERTON.

I.

A cup of water, Nora,
What, do you call this cool?
It is like they used to give us
In summer days at school!
Well, well, good soul, no matter,
It is all the same to me;
Raise the window just a little,
I can hardly breathe, you see.
It is the waltz of Weber,
That the musicians play
For fairest feet to dance by,
Over the way.

II.

You need not light the candle,
But draw the stand to me, so
That I can easily teach it,
No, the fire is not too low.
Ah, I cannot eat! To-morrow,
If the doctor thinks it best,
Must you leave me now? Good-night then,
Oh! that my brain could rest!
'Tis still that waltz of Weber,
That the musicians play
For merriest hearts to dance by,
Over the way.

III.

How strange are the shadows flitting
Around on the dusky wall!
But the fire in my heart grows stronger
And ghostlier than them all.
Is that the town-clock striking?
I think that it is to-night
My fever will reach its crisis,
There are long hours yet till light.
Delicate, cooling ices
Are plenty this night in May,
For little red lips to toy with,
Over the way.

IV.

I wonder if she loves me
In her pride, and I so poor!
Yet I pour my life out for her—
Was that a step at the door?
It is only the night wind rising
With the wanling moon. Ah, me!
I wish I could see it glimmer
Through the dear old locust-tree!
Drooped are the shadowy eyelids,
And low are the words they say,
As the whispering waltzers pass them,
Over the way.

V.

Mother, at home, come bless me!
Can you sleep when your boy in pain
Longs so for the touch of your fingers,
To cool his feverish brain?
Sing me to rest with the murmur
Of your hymn with its holy tune;

"FEVER," ETC.

In my broken dreams I heard it
Through the long, long afternoon.
Again that waltz of Weber
Sets heart and feet to play,
Whirling, and thrilling, and throbbing,
Over the way.

VI.

I cannot bear much longer—
I've great, great work to do,
Wealth I must win for the dear ones,
Fame! How I wish I knew!
Perhaps, perhaps she would love me
If she could but see the star
That will one day shine above me.
Ah me! 'tis so very far!
The soft white cheek is flushing,
Is it often so hot in May?
Talk they only party gossip,
Over the way?

VII.

Quiet and grey was the gleaming
That brightened upon the wall;
For the merciful day was breaking,
And the birds began to call.
But a face was changed in the shadows
Of the early lonesome dawn;
And a pulse had ceased its throbbing,
And the fever all was gone.
But hushed was the waltz of Weber,
And weary, that dawn in May,
The hearts and feet that danced so,
Over the way.

BY THE SEA.

In shady nook
That peeps down on the sun-kissed sea,
A lassie sits with far-off look
In loving eyes that seem to me
Mirrors of truth and purity.

And all in vain
Do little hands caressing stray,
And seek to bring her thoughts again
To centre on their childish play:
For once they've wandered far away.

O daughter mine,
I ought to bring you sympathy,
And yet I cannot but repine!
The love-light in your eyes I see,
And know that you are lost to me.

Yet, little one,
When it befalls you pass away
To be another's light and sun,
Though life will lose its glow for aye,
I'll try to smile and bless the day.

Cassell's Magazine.

G. W.

From The Edinburgh Review.
RECORDS OF EARLY ENGLISH ADVENTURE.*

THE volumes before us are an example of the rich fruits of recent research. Much has been written with regard to the rise and growth of our Asiatic power, yet it is no disparagement to past historians of the subject to say that this work of Mr. Sainsbury's will oblige them to admit the incompleteness of their labors and to revise their volumes. Without bricks it is idle to think of building; and until the Record Office, in the exercise of a wise discretion, resolved upon having the papers relating to the establishment of our Indian empire made public, no material existed from which a full and authentic account could be derived of the development of our commercial system with the East. These calendars, and those that are to follow, will fill up a gap in the list of our authorities which has too long been allowed to remain blank. Thanks to Mr. Sainsbury, we have now a minute and detailed narrative of the voyages of discovery which took place in the reign of Elizabeth; of the establishment of our trade with India, which was one of the results of the spirit of exploration then rife amongst Englishmen; and of the numerous obstacles which had to be surmounted before the enterprise was crowned with success. With these volumes before us we see Frobisher vainly striving, as so many have striven after him, to discover the North-West Passage, and to unite those hyperborean regions in commercial intercourse with the south. We read how our East India Company originated, the prosperity it achieved, and the animosities it excited. We are taken behind the scenes of Eastern courts, and watch the intrigues of rival trading associations for special support and patronage. We are introduced to that mysterious personage of the seventeenth century, the Great Mogul, and are made acquainted with his tastes and habits. We see the bitter jealousy of Spain and Portugal at

the success of our factors. We learn how false was the amity of the Dutch, and how terrible was the tragedy which was the end of their treacherous friendship. Indeed, there is little connected with the rise and progress of our commercial relations with the East which will not be found narrated here with a breadth and a fulness that leave nothing to be desired. What the Calendar of Mr. Brewer is to Mr. Froude's "History of the Reformation," what the Calendar of Mr. Hamilton is to Mr. Rawson Gardiner's "History of the Stuarts," this Calendar of Mr. Sainsbury will be to the future historian of our Asiatic empire.

The volumes open with the suggestions made for the exploration of a route to eastern Asia. During the early part of the sixteenth century the minds of men engaged in commerce were much occupied in the discovery of a north-west or north-east passage to India or "Cathay." The impetus which the discovery of America gave to maritime exploration had stimulated the greed of all English mariners and merchants to obtain a closer and easier connection with the fabulous treasures of the East. The first to attempt the task was "the Worshipful Master Thorne, in anno 1527," who having conceived "a vehement desire to attempt the navigation towards the north," endeavored to persuade Henry VIII. to "take the discovery in hand," by drawing a brilliant picture of the rich countries to be found, and of the precious silks and jewels that would thus be brought into England. His "vehement desire" was, however, not gratified. The result of the voyage "intended for the discovery of Cathay," organized by Sebastian Cabot, who had obtained from Edward VI. "letters to the kings, princes, and other potentates inhabiting the north-east part of the world towards the mighty empire of Cathay," is well known. The expedition "did set forth the 10th day of May, 1553, under the command of Sir Hugh Willoughby," but never returned home. Sir Hugh, after being tossed about by the billows of the Atlantic for seven months, perished with all his crew "in a river or haven called Arzina, in Lapland, near unto

* *Calendar of State Papers, Colonial Series, East Indies, China, and Japan, preserved in her Majesty's Public Record Office and elsewhere. Edited by W. NORL SAINSBURY, Esq. 3 vols., 1513-1616, 1617-1621, 1622-1624. London.*

Kegor." The fierce religious war then waged at home prevented Queen Mary from occupying herself with the hopes and suggestions of her seafaring subjects; but on the accession of her sister, who was known to be interested in all geographical questions, a host of adventurers came into the field. From the petitions and memorials among the State papers of this time we see how keenly the nation desired to attempt the discovery, and how lightly the dangers attendant upon the effort were regarded. Among the mass of documents upon this subject, the petition of one Anthony Jenkynson occupies a conspicuous place. This man had already made several voyages to Russia and Persia, and he now implored her Majesty that he might venture his life in the attempt "to prove a passage by the north-east to Cathay and the East Indies." He urged the queen "to set forward this famous discovery of that renowned Cathay," and doubted not "that by the traffic her Majesty will grow to infinite riches, and be accounted the famous princess of the world." He enumerated the advantages that would accrue to English commerce "if this region of Cathay might be discovered and passage found thither by the north." In his opinion the "speculations of cosmographers" on the dangers of the navigation of the northerly seas and of the intensity of the cold that had to be endured were much exaggerated. He made no doubt, "from his experience in these northerly regions," that the seas and lands were as temperate when the sun was in the north tropic as at home; "the travels of the Portugals and Spaniards upon unknown coasts should encourage us to travel and search for this passage." He did not wholly dissent, he said, from those who held that there was a passage by the north-west, but he had no fear of finding one by the north-east, for "he has conferred with divers Cathayens and the inhabitants of other countries very far north, near whereunto he guesses the passage to be." From the current of the tide and the remains of animal life to be found in those regions he was perfectly assured of the existence of this passage. Other reasons he could allege, only he

feared to be tedious; and he concluded with the hope that he might be employed in the enterprise, and "to venture my life as fervent zeal moveth me, which if I may live to accomplish, I shall attain to the sum of my desire." No definite answer being returned to this petition, Jenkynson associated himself with Sir Humphrey Gylberte, and determined to undertake an expedition at his own cost and independent of all State aid, provided the queen would grant him the following privileges: that no one was to go to any part of the world through the passage to be discovered by him, "upon pain of confiscation of body, goods, and lands," and that he and his heirs were to trade custom free forever. These conditions were well received, Secretary Cecil commented favorably upon them, and the request of Jenkynson would undoubtedly have been answered in the affirmative had it not been opposed by the Muscovy Company, which considered its interests affected by the proposed undertaking. This hostility was fatal to the "sum" of Jenkynson's desire, and the matter dropped until it was again vigorously taken up by one of the most active of that little band of navigators whose exploits have shed an additional lustre upon the brilliant reign of Elizabeth.

Of the details of Martin Frobisher's voyages the volumes before us afford information not to be obtained from the accounts either of Christopher Hall or Captain Best, printed by Hakluyt. It is one of the special charms of State paper evidence to take us behind the scenes of history, and show us, if not a new reading of the play, at least how the actors dress for their respective parts, what are the feuds and jealousies of the company, and how painstaking is the art by which the public is to be deceived. Nor are these disclosures, which add a piquancy to narrative, wanting on the present occasion. Thanks to the friendly guidance of Mr. Sainsbury, we see Frobisher busy amongst the adventurers who crowded the ante-rooms of Whitehall to obtain State help for their private enterprises; we learn what were the inducements which prompted him to court the perils of Arctic navi-

gation, who were his chief opponents, and the names of all who freely subscribed to his ventures; we listen to the carping criticisms and malicious constructions of those whose designs he had defeated; we read the log book of the voyage, and we watch with amusement the growth and development of the quarrel that soon sprang up between himself and his former champion, Michael Lok. After months of anxious preparation and frequent delays "for lack of money," the little expedition in quest of "the strait to be discovered towards the north-west," set sail from Gravesend June 12, 1576. It consisted of two barques of twenty-five tons each, the "Gabriel" and the "Michael," a pinnace of ten tons, of which Frobisher was "captain and pilot," and a crew of thirty-four persons. The amount of the total stock subscribed for was 875*l.*, and among the names of the different "adventurers in Martin Frobisher's first voyage for discovery of the North-West Passage," we find Sir Thomas Gresham, who subscribed 100*l.*; the Earls of Sussex, Warwick, and Leicester, who subscribed each 50*l.*; and Secretary Walsingham and Philip Sidney, who each subscribed 25*l.* Shortly after quitting the Channel the expedition encountered "a great storm, in which they lost sight of their pinnace, with three men, which they could never since hear of." Off the "great island of Friezland" the two ships parted company. The "Michael," commanded by a Welshman, Owen Gryffyn, steered her course for Labrador, "but found it so compassed with monstrous high islands of ice that they durst not approach." Accordingly she turned back, and arrived in the Thames early in September. The "Gabriel," on board of which was Frobisher, whose "valiant courage" had averted many dangers, displayed greater fortitude and perseverance. Keeping due north, she reached Labrador on July 29, "the headland whereof Frobisher named Elizabeth Foreland." Passing through the strait which now bears the name of the navigator, the "Gabriel" cast anchor off one of the neighboring islands. Frobisher and six of his men landed and attempted to have intercourse with the

natives; but, "perceiving these strange people to be of a nature given to fierceness and rapine, and not himself prepared for defence," he returned to his ship and steered to another island off the mainland, on the north side. Here two headlands at the farthest end of the strait were discovered. "By reason there was no likelihood of land to the northward, the great broad open between, and the great flood tides they judged to be the West Sea whereby to pass to Cathay and to the East Indies." Having reached these high latitudes, Frobisher now endeavored to derive some practical benefit from the voyage. He was anxious to be piloted through the strait into the West Sea, but, unlike his successors in the field of Arctic exploration, found the Esquimaux not only "very beastly in their manner of life and food," but treacherous and hostile. He therefore came to the conclusion that no confidence could be "given to such a pilot nor to any of the people." Further stay being useless in these parts, Frobisher was on the eve of turning the bows of his vessel towards England, when he was subjected to many days' delay owing to the rash conduct of certain of his crew. With the reckless curiosity of English seamen, five of the sailors of the "Gabriel," contrary to the express orders of their captain, had rowed out of sight of the ship to traffic with the natives on the mainland, and "after that hour they were never seen nor heard of." Frobisher used every effort to recover his men, but without success, and after a fruitless search orders were given to weigh anchor and return homewards. As the "Gabriel" was beating down Frobisher's Strait, "all oppressed with sorrow that their captain should return home without an evidence or token of any place where he had been," a fleet of canoes crowded with natives approached the vessel. Signs of friendship were made to the Esquimaux by the English sailors, and one canoe bolder than its fellows touched the ship's side. Presents were handed down, and whilst one of the natives was in the act of receiving a bell he was suddenly seized by Frobisher and lifted over the gunwale on deck amid the

howls of his countrymen. He was now told "by signs" that if he gave information as to the existence of the five Englishmen he would be set at liberty; "but he would not seem to understand, and therefore was still kept in the ship with sure guard." All this, we are informed, was done within arrow-shot of his fellows, who departed in great haste, "howling like wolves or other beasts." Two days' grace was given to the Esquimaux to redeem their comrade and restore the missing Englishmen, and on the expiration of that time, without there being any signs of the natives returning with their prisoners, the "*Gabriel*" steered her course south with her strange hostage on board. We are favored with a brief description of this the first Arctic inhabitant who had ever sailed under the English flag — "very broad face, and very fat and full in body; legs short and small, and out of proportion; long hanging coalblack hair tied above his forehead; little eyes and a little black beard; skin of a dark sallow, much like the tawny Moors, or rather to the Tartar nation, whereof I think he was; countenance sullen or churlish, but sharp." As on her outward-bound cruise, so on her return homeward, the "*Gabriel*" had to weather a terrible storm in the Atlantic. She quitted Labrador August 25, sighted the Orkney Islands September 25, reached Harwich October 2, and arrived in the port of London October 9, 1576, where she was "joyfully received with the great admiration of the people, bringing with her her strange man and his boat, which was such a wonder unto the whole city and to the rest of the realm that heard of it, as seemed never to have happened the like great matter to any man's knowledge."

The bold captain of the "*Gabriel*" was, however, not to remain long in idleness. A report had been spread throughout the town that in these ice-bound regions from which Frobisher had just returned the soil was deeply impregnated with gold, and that the land had only to be worked to yield untold wealth. The greed of the court and of the nation was at once aroused. Frobisher had presented to his friend and then staunch ally, Michael Lok, a piece of stone, "the first thing he found in the new land." This stone had been handed over to Williams, the assay-master of the Tower, and to other refiners, and the result of their examination had been to extract from the flint a grain of gold. This important fact Lok at once communicated to the queen, but

begged that the matter might be preserved a solemn secret. The discovery was laid before the Council, and that body gave it as its opinion that a second voyage was "a thing worthy to be followed." Frobisher was asked to take the command, and readily assented. On this occasion the interests of geography were lost in the race after wealth. Men were utterly indifferent to the discovery of the North-West Passage, and were now only intent upon embarking in a venture which might result in the acquisition of a large fortune. The charges were estimated at 4,500*l.*, and the subscription list was soon filled with eager applicants. The queen subscribed 1,000*l.*, and many of the leading officials 1,000*l.* each. On May 26, 1577, Frobisher started on his second voyage. Amongst his crew were ten convicts, who had been released from prison to work the ore which it was hoped would be found. The instructions of the commander were very brief and simple. He was "to defend the mines and possess the country." Into the details of this voyage we need not enter. After an absence of four months Frobisher returned home and cast anchor off Bristol. It was at once concluded by those who had taken shares in the enterprise that the quest had been successful, and that the holds of the two barques, the "*Ayde*" and the "*Gabriel*," were heavily ballasted with precious ore. A suggestion was made to the Privy Council that the cargo should be unladen in the port of Bristol, and confined for better security within the walls of the castle under four locks, the keys to be left with the mayor of Bristol, Sir Richard Berkeley, Frobisher, and Michael Lok. It was also desired by the eager and credulous adventurers that means should speedily be adopted for the melting of the ore. From the papers before us we do not hear that on this occasion a single enquiry was raised as to the discovery of the North-West Passage. "It is somewhat remarkable," writes Mr. Sainsbury, "that throughout the correspondence relating to Frobisher's second and third voyages, the original intention of the first voyage, that is, the discovery of the North-West Passage, is almost wholly lost sight of — gold is the pith, heart, and core of most of the correspondence."

The suggestions offered to the Council were at once acted upon. Frobisher was directed to discharge his cargo at Bristol, and the officers of the mint were instructed to receive into the Tower "cer-

tain ore brought out of the north-west parts by Martin Frobisher." And now conflicting opinions arose as to the value of the voyage. Lok, who was heavily interested in the venture — "having been," as he admits, "at very great charges for two years since Forbisher has been in London, who ate the most of his meat at my table freely and gladly"— informs Walsingham that the ore is not yet brought to perfection, but that it is very rich, and will yield forty pounds a ton clear of charges : "this is assuredly true, which may suffice to embrace the enterprise." The officials at the mint were, however, not so sanguine. One Jonas Schutz, a German, "engaged that two tons should yield, in fine gold, twenty ounces;" a Dr. Burcott certifies that "he has proved it to the uttermost, and finds not such great riches as is here spoken and reported of;" whilst a third, Geoffrey le Brumen, has the frankness to write to Walsingham that "he has tried all the minerals given to him, and finds the greater part to be only marquisette, and no gold or silver, or next to none." The Privy Council, however, incited by the credulity of the shareholders, declined to pay heed to any adverse opinions. The voyage, it was given out, had been propitious; tons of ore had been brought home, and alchemy had discovered that the precious metal was within; all doubt had been removed as to the existence of mines rich with gold in those northern regions. So eager was the nation to jump to conclusions and build up a faith upon the slenderest of foundations, that, before the truth could be fully ascertained as to the value or worthlessness of the ore, a third expedition was hastily fitted out, and the subscription list at once covered. By command of Queen Elizabeth, Walsingham wrote to the lord treasurer and lord chamberlain that her Majesty, "understanding that the richness of that earth is like to fall out to a good reckoning, is well pleased that a third voyage be taken in hand," and that "our loving friend Martin Frobisher" be appointed captain-general of the expedition. Instructions drawn up by Lord Burghley were placed in the hands of the popular navigator. Frobisher was ordered to make "for the land now called by her Majesty *Meta Incognita*, to the north-west parts, and Cathay;" he was not to receive "under his charge any disorderly or mutinous person;" he was not to lose any of the ship's company, any such offender to be punished "sharply, to the example of

others;" he was to instruct "all your people rather too much than anything too little, that they may procure the friendship of the people of those parts by courtesies than move them to any offence or misliking," and he was at once to repair to the mines in which he wrought last year, and there place his men to work and collect the ore. It was expected that five thousand tons weight of ore would be brought back, and that many members of the expedition would be absent some eighteen months. The popularity which Frobisher now enjoyed was attendant with the consequences which a sudden success so often inspires; for we are told that he "grew into such a monstrous mind, that a whole kingdom could not contain it, but already, by discovery of a new world, he was become another Columbus." Eleven ships were fitted out for this expedition; they sailed from Harwich May 31, 1578, the queen herself, a large adventurer, watching their departure, and, it is said, wishing them success.

The absence of the little fleet was shorter than had been calculated upon; for, early in the autumn of the same year that had witnessed its departure, it was descried off the western coast, and Frobisher arrived at Cornwall September 25, 1578. He at once repaired to the court at Richmond, and from thence to London. "Whereupon was no small joy conceived on all parties for the safety of the men, though many died of sickness, but especially for the treasure he brought, the ships being laden with rich gold ore, worth, he said, sixty pounds and eighty pounds a ton." The cargo was discharged at Dartford, and workmen were appointed "to see good proofs made of the ore from both voyages." But now the bubble burst. Two assays were made, and in two hundredweight of "Frobisher's ore" two minute particles of silver, not so big as a pin's head, were found, and, as an evidence of the worthlessness of the ore, they remain to this day fastened by sealing-wax to the report. The shareholders were loud in their expressions of rage and disappointment, and more than one adventurer, who had placed all his hopes in "Frobisher's ore," to save himself from ruin, became lodged within the cells of the Fleet. Among these latter was now to be confined the person of Michael Lok. Of all those who had supported Frobisher in his voyages and had covered the subscription list with large sums, Lok was among the most confident and speculative. He had himself been

much engaged in maritime explorations, he was a personal friend of Frobisher, whom he had accompanied in his voyages, and it was mainly through his activity and perseverance that the different expeditions had been fitted out. To him Frobisher was under the deepest obligations. "I opened all my private studies and twenty years' labor to him," writes Lok mournfully, "and showed him all my books, charts, maps, and instruments. I daily instructed him, making my home his home, my purse his purse at his need, and my credit his credit to my power, when he was utterly destitute both of money, credit, and friends." Of the twenty thousand pounds subscribed by the adventurers to the three voyages, Lok had put down his name for five thousand, and the unfortunate end of the expeditions which he had always so sanguinely upheld, now signified ruin. As is so often the case where hopes have been cruelly disappointed by those in whom we trust, an estrangement between the two friends took place, to be followed by recrimination on both sides and the bitterest animosity. Frobisher railed at his former benefactor, and called him "a false accountant," "a cozenor," "a bankrupt knave;" he spread shameful reports about him in the city, and raged against him "lyke a mad best," and, to add a still more grievous insult to the injuries he had already inflicted, swore that Lok, who had spent his substance in the shares, was "no venturer at all in the voyages." In retaliation, Lok declared that Frobisher had hoodwinked the public as to the ore for his own evil purposes, that he victualled his ships so badly that many of his crew died, that he nearly caused all the ships to founder "through his obstinate ignorance," that he was "full of lying talk and so impudent of tongue as his best friends are most slandered," and that if his doings in the three voyages were enquired into, he would be found "the most unprofitable servant of all that have served the queen." Still in this passage of arms the victory was not with Lok. No fault was found with the conduct of Frobisher; he had not rendered himself liable as a shareholder, and, though the cause of ruin to many, he was neither ruined nor disgraced. Lok was less fortunate. His petition for relief was not entertained; he was looked upon as responsible for the debts of the "company of the north-west voyage," and the last we hear of him is as a petitioner from the Fleet. Here he busied himself with

drawing up an account of the three voyages of Frobisher, which, due allowance being made for the animus of the writer, cannot but be of the greatest service, from the numerous novel facts they contain, to all chroniclers of Arctic navigation. In addition to this narrative, which comprises no less than fifteen papers, Lok has left behind him a very full record of "The Doings of Captain Frobisher amongst the Company's Business," of which two copies are extant, one in the Public Record Office, and the other in the British Museum.

In spite of past failure, various expeditions, as these volumes of Mr. Sainsbury amply prove, were fitted out for the discovery of the North-West Passage. A fourth voyage under Frobisher was projected, but, owing to certain restrictions which were contained in his instructions, the great navigator threw up his appointment, and the expedition sailed under the command of one Edward Fenton. It was, however, to meet with no better success than its predecessors, and those interested in the question will find much new matter in the letter of its commander (June 29, 1583) to Burghley, announcing the failure of the voyage. A few years later, at the instigation and expense of the East India Company, Captain Waymouth set out with the "Discovery" and the "Godspeed" "to sail towards the coast of Greenland and pass on into those seas by the north-west towards Cathay or China, without giving over, proceeding on his course so long as he finds any possibility to make a passage through those seas, and not to return for any let or impediment whatever until one year has been bestowed in attempting the passage." His attempt, though unsuccessful, was not a complete failure; for writers on Arctic voyages, however much they differ as to the importance of his discoveries, agree in this, that "he lighted Hudson into his strait." Other expeditions were proposed by the East India Company, and we read, on one occasion, of the interest taken by the emperor of Japan in the discovery of the passage; yet no practical good seems to have been the result of all this agitation. The ships returned home as the other ships had returned home, or the negotiations for a voyage fell through, and the project was as hastily abandoned as it had been entertained. Of the explorations of Hudson, Button, Bylot, and Baffin, the State papers add comparatively little to what is already known. Nor, curiously enough,

where even unimportant events are related in full, is any mention made of the voyages of John Davis. "It is true," says Mr. Sainsbury, "that his name occurs more than once, and that each mention of it has a peculiar interest; but in reference to his voyages for discovery of the North-West Passage, the papers are wholly silent, and I am not aware of any particulars having been published beyond those furnished by Hakluyt."

We now turn to a matter of deeper and closer interest. The rise and development of the East India Company are among the most romantic passages of history. That a small body of English merchants should have settled themselves in a strange and distant land, should have overcome all opposition, and by their courage and firmness should have gradually extended their operations until they had compelled the fiercest princes to do them homage, are events so full of incident and plot that they never fail to excite our interest even when our sympathies are repelled. Thrice told as has been the story, the pages of Mr. Sainsbury yet shed a new light upon the subject, and illuminate the narrative with details not visible in the printed works of the chroniclers and historians of our Indian empire. The defeat of the Spanish Armada had not only established the maritime supremacy of England, but had aroused the cupidity of our trading classes to take part in the enterprises which had resulted in the realization of such wealth to the Iberian peninsula. Within a few months of the destruction of the proud fleet which was to have made the Spaniard the master of our shores, a body of English merchants petitioned the Virgin Queen for permission to send ships to India. In their memorial they alluded to the prosperity which had attended upon the establishment of the Spanish and Portuguese settlements, and drew attention to the many ports in the countries bordering on the India and China seas, which might be visited with advantage by English ships, "where sales might be made of English cloths and other staple and manufactured articles, and the produce of those countries purchased; such a trade would by degrees add to the shipping, seamen, and naval force of the kingdom, in the same manner as it has increased the Portuguese fleets." Elizabeth, always willing to lend the weight of her authority to the furtherance of any scheme calculated to add to the power of England, provided it did not lead to severe encroachments

upon the royal treasury, readily granted the desired permission, and accordingly, in 1591, three ships, under the command of Captain Raymond, sailed for the East. An account of this voyage is printed in Hakluyt; the ships were separated from each other by a severe storm, Raymond was wrecked and never heard of again, and the only vessel, after "many grievous misfortunes," that accomplished the voyage was the "Rear-Admiral," commanded by Master James Lancaster. It has been generally supposed that this was the first English expedition despatched to the East Indies, but both in the volumes of Purchas and of Hakluyt accounts of two previous voyages will be found, one in 1579 by Stevens, and the other in 1583 by Fitch, "wherein the strange rites, manners, and customs of those people, and the exceeding rich trade and commodities of those countries, are faithfully set down and diligently described." Other detached expeditions followed in the wake of that of Raymond, and the reports that were brought home of the treasures obtained by the Portuguese and the Dutch in those regions led certain English merchants, in 1599, to form themselves into a company with the special object of trading with the East Indies. A sum of over thirty thousand pounds was subscribed for; a petition was presented to the Council praying for incorporation as a company, "for that the trade of the Indies, being so far remote from hence, cannot be traded but in a joint and united stock." Both the queen and her Council cordially approved of the enterprise, and no opposition was raised in any quarter. The Charter of Incorporation of the East India Company, by the name of the Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading into the East Indies," was granted December 31, 1600. It was to remain in force fifteen years; George, Earl of Cumberland, and two hundred and fifteen knights, aldermen, and merchants were the original members of the Company; Lancaster was appointed admiral of the fleet, with John Davis, the north-west navigator, as second in command. In order that the expedition should be stamped with the impress of the royal approval, Queen Elizabeth had herself issued a circular letter to "the kings of Sumatra and other places in the East Indies," desiring them to encourage her subjects in their attempt to open up a commerce between the two countries, whereby her amity and friendship would be maintained and greater benefits be de-

rived by the Indies from intercourse with England than from intercourse either with Spain or Portugal. The wishes of her Majesty were obeyed. The voyage was eminently successful. Factories were settled at Acheen and Bantam by Lancaster. The king of Sumatra gave permission to English merchants, under the most favorable terms, to trade within his territories, whilst, in reply to the letter of the queen, he handed Lancaster a despatch full of the warmest feelings of friendship towards England and her sovereign, accompanied by "a ring beautified with a ruby, two vestures woven and embroidered with gold, and placed within a purple box of china," which he requested should be presented to Elizabeth. The customs on the goods brought home from this first voyage amounted, it is said, to nearly one thousand pounds. So good a beginning was not permitted to come to nought through apathy or negligence. Voyage succeeded voyage, and in spite of the hostility of the Spaniards and the Portuguese, and of the treacherous friendship of the Dutch, England, at the end of a few years, had succeeded in firmly establishing a lucrative and increasing trade in the East Indies.

To almost every place [writes Mr. Sainsbury] where there was the least likelihood of obtaining a communication with the natives, English vessels resorted, in most instances with success; and where this was not so, the cause was rather attributable to the conduct of the Dutch than to the Company's neglect of the necessary precautions, the English being almost invariably received with courtesy, and even kindness, wherever they went. The Company never lost sight of the danger of attack from Spaniards and Portuguese. Care was always taken, before trading or settling in a new country, to ascertain the feeling of the natives, and in most cases leave or "license" was granted for the English to do as they liked.

Shortly after the accession of James the charter of the Company was renewed, but with most important additions; instead of their privileges being limited to fifteen years "the whole, entire, and only trade and traffic to the East Indies" were granted to the Company forever. The result of this monopoly was the speedy establishment of factories at Surat, Agra, and Masulipatam; at the chief ports of Java, Sumatra, and Borneo; and at many of the towns in the kingdoms of Malacca, Camboja, Pegu, Siam, and Cochin-China. Shares in the voyages were often "sold by the candle," and commanded exorbitant prices, the object being that the

Company "may better know the worth of their adventures." We read of adventures of 60*l.* being knocked down at 130*l.*, and of those of 100*l.* realizing nearly 200*l.* It is not, therefore, surprising that shares in the Company were eagerly sought after, and that as much intrigue and competition were required to obtain the post of director as were necessary for high office at court.

At the outset of their proceedings the Company were fortunate in securing the support and protection of the Great Mogul. This terrible personage, whom both rumor and fable had succeeded in raising to the position of the one potentate of the East, whose frown was death, but whose friendship was omnipotent, had been appeased by courteous letters from James, and, what had appealed more closely to his Oriental mind, by numerous presents from the English merchants. The papers calendared by Mr. Sainsbury afford us some interesting particulars in connection with the life and character of this powerful prince. We are told that "he takes himself to be the greatest monarch in the world," is "extremely proud and covetous," a drunkard, "and so given to vice that the chief captains care not for him, and willingly would never come near him." Music, it appears, "had a great charm for him;" playing upon the virginals, however, was "not esteemed," but with the cornet and the harp he was so "exceedingly delighted" that he offered to make any of his subjects who could learn these instruments "a great man." His rapacity for presents was unbounded. "Something or other, though not worth two shillings, must be presented every eight days," writes the chief factor at Ajmere. "Nothing is to be expected," says another, "from the king without continual gifts." Like all savages, he was delighted with strange things, no matter how intrinsically valueless they might prove. Rich gloves, embroidered caps, purses, looking-glasses, drinking-cups, pictures, knives, striking clocks, colored beaver hats, or silk stockings for his women, were recommended by the factors abroad to the officers of the Company as presents to be brought out. "Indeed," writes one, "if you have a jack to roast meat on, I think he would like it, or any toy of new invention." The importance which the Great Mogul attached to gifts was not overlooked by the authorities at home. One Edwardes was sent over as "lieger," with "great presents." Among his stock in trade, which was to propitiate the barbarous monarch, were suits of

armor, swords, mastiffs, greyhounds, little dogs, pictures of King James and his queen, and a coach and horse, together with "a coachman who had been in the service of the Bishop of Lichfield, to drive the coach." The portraits of the king and queen of England struck the Great Mogul with admiration. "He esteemed it so well for the workmanship," writes Edwardes, "that the day after he sent for all his painters in public to see the same, who did admire it, and confessed that none of them could anything near imitate the same, which makes him prize it above all the rest, and esteem it for a jewel." He was almost as much delighted with one of the English mastiffs that had been brought out. With the instinct of the savage, he at once wished to witness the prowess of the animal in an unequal battle. The mastiff was first pitted against a tiger and then with a bear, both of which it killed, "whereby the king was exceedingly pleased." Pictures, mastiffs, Irish greyhounds, and well-fed water spaniels, seem to have been the gifts most approved of by his Majesty. But, though the Great Mogul was a glutton touching the things he expected to be given him, we are informed that he was no mean purchaser of the Company's goods. "Pearls, rubies, and emeralds will be bought by the king in infinite quantities," writes a factor from Agra, "as also rich velvets, cloth of gold, rich tapestry, satins, damasks," etc.; and he significantly adds, "The king is the best paymaster in the country."

The authority of the Great Mogul was soon to be of service to English interests. At none of the settlements had the Company's servants been more subject to opposition and annoyance than at Surat. At this port the influence of the Portuguese was dominant, and as Portugal, at the very outset of the Company's proceedings, had warmly objected to the establishment of English factories within the dominions to which she was trading, she exercised her power to crush the ascendancy of her rivals. The governor of Surat, Mocrob Khan, "whose disposition savored more of child than man," pursued a policy very disadvantageous to the English. Though he feared the enmity of the Portuguese, he mistrusted the friendship of the Company, and argued, with characteristic indecision, that if he "broke" with the former he should be sure of the friendship of neither. Influenced by the suggestions of the Jesuits, who were rapidly becoming a power in

the country, under the ardent generalship of Xavier, the governor, "this malicious wretch" allowed himself to become a complete tool in the hands of the Portuguese. In all disputes between the two nations he at once decided in favor of the Lisbon adventurers. He seized the goods of the English factors, and did what he pleased with them. To prevent all opposition he compelled the English to yield up to him their arms of defence. He used his authority to delay the unlading of English goods, and hampered the merchants on all sides in their purchase of commodities. "Numerous are the injuries he inflicts upon us," writes one of the factors, "discovering the secret rancor of his poisoned stomach and the hidden malice which he beareth unto our nation." So baneful was the conduct of Mocrob Khan to the establishment of English commerce in "the Oriental Indies," that the authorities at home gave orders for a fleet to sail for the redress of the Company's complaints, and despatched Sir Thomas Roe, "he being a gentleman of pregnant understanding, well-spoken, learned, industrious, of a comely personage, and one of whom there are great hopes that he may work much good for the Company," as special envoy to the governor of Surat. At this juncture of affairs, and fortunately for the interests of our merchants in the East, a quarrel broke out between the Great Mogul and the Portuguese, who had made themselves odious by capturing "a great ship, of eleven hundred or twelve hundred tons, in Swally road, worth from one hundred to one hundred and thirty thousand pounds," in which the mother of the Great Mogul was a considerable adventurer. The indignation of the son was aroused, and he fiercely resolved to avenge the insult that had been passed upon himself and the losses his parent had sustained. Uniting his forces with the troops of the king of Deccan, he fell upon the Portuguese at Surat, drove them out of the city, and laid siege to the fort that they had raised between that place and Goa. In vain the Portuguese offered amends and sued for peace. The Great Mogul declined to listen, "forewarning all men any more to solicit their cause," and sternly vowed that "he would not leave the Portugals until he had expelled them their countries." Orders were given to arrest all Portuguese and to seize their goods; the doors of the Portuguese churches were sealed up, the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion forbidden, and Xavier,

whom before the mogul had much liked, was imprisoned. The Portuguese city of Damaun was also closely environed by the troops of the king of Deccan, and its surrender imminent. A third enemy now appeared upon the scene. Captain Downton had anchored his fleet in the roads of Surat, and it struck him that a fitting opportunity had arrived to avenge the humiliations the English had suffered at the hands of the Portuguese. Accordingly he bore down upon the Portuguese fleet, which consisted of nine ships, two galleys, and fifty-eight frigates, and after a brief engagement utterly defeated the enemy; "Many of the gallants of Portugal were killed, besides above three hundred men carried in the frigates to Damaun to be buried." With this victory the mogul was highly pleased. "The king," writes the factor at Ajmere, "much applauded our people's resolution, saying his country was before them to do therein whatsoever ourselves desired, and spoke very despitfully and reproachfully of the Portugals."

Upon this arrived Sir Thomas Roe. The English ambassador was evidently a man of bold and vigorous conduct, who brooked no opposition to his demands, and who was not to be defeated by the delays and empty promises of a shuffling policy. In spite of the victories of the English and the disgrace into which "the Portugals" had fallen, the governor of Surat still continued his irritating course of wounding and humiliating the Company's servants within his jurisdiction. On his arrival at Surat, Roe at once made his "demands and complaints" to the governor. "I come hither," he said proudly, "not to beg, nor do nor suffer injury, for I serve a king who is able to revenge whatsoever is dared to be done against his subjects." He then detailed the injuries complained of, how chests had been ransacked, presents sent to the king taken by violence, servants of merchants cruelly whipped, and every obstacle placed in the way of the development of English commerce. He demanded instant redress, under threat of appealing to the Great Mogul, and concluded by saying that "I am better resolved to die upon an enemy than to flatter him, and for such I give you notice to take me." His remonstrance proving ineffectual, the envoy now demanded an interview with the mogul, when his vigorous disapproval of the conduct of Mocrob Khan carried the day, and the objectionable governor was removed. The next step of Roe was to

pen a severe despatch to the viceroy of Goa, complaining of the course pursued by the Portuguese towards the English in the East Indies, and informing him, in the plainest terms, of what would be the result unless such a policy was at once abandoned.

I am commanded [he wrote] to admonish you to desist from doing what can only bring forth war, revenge, and bloodshed, and to inform you that the English intend nothing but free trade open by law of nations to all men. It is not the purpose of the English to root out or to hinder your trade, or to impeach the receipt of your revenues, and it is strange you should dare to infringe upon the free commerce between their masters and subjects. Let me advise your barbarous miscellaneous people to use more reverent terms of the majesty of a Christian king. I give you further notice that his Majesty is resolved to maintain his subjects in their honest endeavors in spite of any enemy, and to that purpose has sent me to conclude a league with the Great Mogul forever, in which I am commanded to offer you comprise, and will wait your answer at Ajmere forty days. In case of your refusal or silence; letters of reprisal will be granted to make war upon you in all parts of the Indies.

He concludes, "Your friend or enemy at your own choice." No reply was received to this ultimatum, and Roe pronounced "open war against the Portugals in the East Indies with fire and sword, in the name of the king of England." The English ambassador soon proved himself the most fitting agent that could have been sent out to uphold the interests of the Company. He became the confidential friend of the Great Mogul, and was the means of cementing a cordial alliance between England and "the Mogores country." He had all the proclamations forbidding the factories at Surat and Ahmedabad to trade rescinded. He procured firms encouraging English commerce throughout the country. He recovered all the extortions which had been exacted from the Company's servants by sundry unjust governors, and in order to leave "all matters in a good, settled, and peaceful course," he drew up twenty-one articles, regulating the conduct of English trade in the East, most of which he succeeded in having confirmed by the mogul. In the following letter, now for the first time brought to the light through the labors of Mr. Sainsbury, we have a plain proof of the feelings entertained by the monarch of the Mogores towards England, and of his appreciation of the conduct of Sir Thomas Roe. We

have modernized the spelling of the ambassador's translation from the Arabic.

The Great Mogul to King James I.

When your Majesty shall open your letter, let your royal heart be as fresh as a sweet garden. Let all people make reverence at your gate; let your throne be advanced high and amongst the greatest of the kings of the prophet Jesus; let your Majesty be the greatest, and all monarchs derive their counsel and wisdom from thy breast as from a fountain, that the love of the majesty of Jesus may revive and flourish under thy protection.

The letter of love and friendship which you sent me, and the presents, token of your good affection toward me, I have received by the hand of your ambassador, Sir Thomas Roe (who well deserves to be your trusty servant), delivered to me in an acceptable and happy hour, upon which my eyes were so fixed that I could not easily remove them to any other object, and have accepted them with great joy and delight, upon which assurance of your royal love I have given my general command to all the kingdoms and posts of my dominions to receive all the merchants of the English nation as the subjects of my friend, that in what place soever they choose to live in they may have reception and residence to their own contents and safety; and what goods soever they desire to sell or buy they may have full liberty without restraint; and at what port soever they shall arrive, that neither Spainiard, Portugal, nor any other shall dare to molest their quiet; and in what city soever they shall have residence I have commanded my governors and captains to give them freedoms answerable to their own desires to sell, buy, or to transport into their country at their pleasures. For confirmation of our love and friendship, I desire your Majesty to command your merchants to bring in their ships of all sorts of rarities and rich goods fit for my palaces; and that you be pleased to send your royal letters by every opportunity, that I may rejoice in your health and prosperous affairs, and that our friendship may be interchangeable and eternal. Your Majesty is learned and quick-sighted as a prophet, and can conceive much by few words that I need not write more. The great God of heaven give us increase of honor!

It was natural that the success which had attended upon the operations of the English Company in opening commercial relations with every country of importance in the East should have excited the hostile jealousy of those European nations which now found themselves confronted within their own special province by a most formidable rival. With the enmity of Spain and Portugal England was perfectly prepared to cope; on the numerous occasions when English interests in the East were affected by Spanish

or Portuguese intrigues, the despatches of the Company were powerfully seconded by the guns of our fleet, stationed in Indian waters, and the machinations of the enemy were speedily brought to nought. The treacherous amity of Holland was, however, an obstacle of a far more serious character in the path of the Company's progress. In the second volume of Mr. Sainsbury's interesting work, the majority of the letters that he has calendared refer to the inimical conduct of the Dutch and to their persistent efforts to displace the English from all their most profitable settlements in the East Indies. Much of the wealth of Holland was derived from her prosperous factories on the coast of India and in the islands around the peninsula, and though peace reigned between the two countries the Dutch had no idea of seeing themselves ousted from a lucrative trade by the energy and diplomacy of England. Accordingly Holland used all her arts to poison the minds of the natives against the English settlers, to interfere with the dealings of English trade, and, where she safely dared, to oppose the Company's servants by actual force. Indeed, so grave became her animosity, that at last, in the autumn of 1618, the East India Company drew up two formal declarations of complaints, one of which was presented to the king, the other to the Privy Council. In these documents the company complained of "the efforts of the Hollander to dispossess them by force" of many places in the East Indies; "of their most outrageous behavior, as any mortal enemies could do," in seizing certain of the Company's vessels, imprisoning the crews, "and showing our chained men to the people of the isle of Neira, the mother of the isles of Banda, saying, 'Lo! these are the men whom ye made your gods, in whom ye put your trust, but we have made them our slaves;'" of "their threatening mortal war against any English who dare trade to the Moluccas;" of their robbing the Chinese under English colors "to bring us into hatred and contempt;" and of their endeavors to disgrace the English nation by openly going about boasting that "one Holland ship would take ten English, that they care not for our king, for St. George was now turned child." These declarations were, by the king's command, sent to the English ambassador at the Hague, who was required to present them to the States-General, and "to demand their answers how far they will allow these inso-

lencies of their subjects, or how they will punish them and make reparation; and to insist particularly that they send commissioners articulately instructed to give satisfaction at the treaty to be instantly held between us and them." Into the negotiations that ensued, which lasted more than seven months, it is impossible for us to enter within the limits of a review; a clear and succinct account of all the proceedings that took place will be found fully calendarized in the second volume of this work. From the numerous despatches of the English ambassador at the Hague, and from the constant instructions that were sent out to him from Whitehall, we see the exact working of the king's mind at this contentious period; whilst the valuable court minutes of the East India Company admit us into the very confidence of the governing body of the English Company, and lay before us every detail connected with these proceedings. After numerous delays a "treaty between the English and the Dutch concerning trade in the East Indies" was concluded June 2, 1619.

The Company had now been established some eighteen years, and, in looking back upon their past efforts, the directors had every reason to congratulate themselves upon their good fortune. Thanks to the protection of the Great Mogul, the factors of the East India Company were the most active in the peninsula of India. In Siam and the islands of the Celebes Sea the prosperity of the English had aroused the fiercest animosity of the Dutch, who until then had enjoyed a monopoly of the trade in those regions. From Japan, in spite of the hatred of its emperor towards Christians, silver, copper, and iron were being freely obtained. Permission had been given by exclusive China to the English to send annually two ships to Foochow for the purpose of trading with the Celestials. With Persia the Company transacted a large business by exchanging cloth, tin, brass, and sword-blades for silks, damasks, spices, velvets, satins, and fruits. Not a State of importance east of the Red Sea excluded the English from her ports, or, when native prejudice had been removed, objected to the development of commercial relations with the "white infidels." The foes of the Company were among the civilized powers of the West, not among the barbarians of the East. An alliance was, however, now to be effected with one former opponent. Negotiations had for some time been on foot between Russia and England with

regard to the opening of the Volga to English merchandise destined for Persia. The "duke of Russia," though he had always opposed the proceedings of our company, was anxious to stand well with England, for he was burdened with debts, and he knew that no capital could he so easily be furnished with a loan as in London. He despatched an ambassador with an imposing retinue to James, and the papers before us offer an interesting account of the reception of the northern envoy. Sunday afternoon was appointed for the interview. The king and queen accompanied by a large suite were seated in the banqueting house at Whitehall. The ambassador was driven from Crosby House, Bishopsgate Street, where he lodged, in one of the state coaches, but his retinue refused to enter the carriages appointed for them, "alleging servants ought to be known from their lords, and that it was fit they should go afoot." On entering the hall the ambassador, with four of his chief followers, bowed low to the ground, kissing it, and then approached the royal circle and kissed hands. We are informed that, whilst in the performance of this act of homage, the envoy and his retinue "looked up no higher than the hand they were to kiss, which, so soon as kissed, presently ran back with all the speed they could. In going forwards they put their left hand on their breech behind, and used gesture and fashion very strange and unusual in these parts." The envoy was treated with every distinction. Banquets were given in his honor, crowds cheered his coach as it passed through the city to Whitehall, and everything connected with himself and his retinue was listened to with avidity. The presents he brought from the north were much admired, "the very furs being estimated by those that are skilful at better than six thousand pounds." They were received very graciously by the king, who expressed himself as much pleased with them, "and the more when he understood Queen Elizabeth never had such a present thence." Yet the mission ended in a diplomatic triumph for Russia. A treaty of amity and peace was entered into between the two countries; a sum of sixty thousand marks was advanced to the duke of Russia, "towards the maintenance of his wars against the Poles;" but the one great request of the East India Company was refused. Russia, from the facilities offered her by her geographical situation, carried on a large trade with Persia, and she had always

watched with jealousy the progress of the Company's dealings with Abbas Mirza. Accordingly she now refused to grant to the English "the free passage for the silks of Persia up the Volga." Still, not wishing to appear ungrateful, she agreed, short of permitting Persian goods to pass through her territories for the benefit of English commerce and to the detriment of her own merchants, not to interfere with the proceedings of the Company, and to remove the obstacles as to "the trade in cordage and other real commodities," which she had formerly been active in preventing. Disappointed in their object, the Company now "contracted with the king of Persia to bring their silks by the Persian Gulf, paying one-third in money and two-thirds in commodities." From these volumes we see how profitable was the trade with the East. Commodities from the East Indies were brought to England at a quarter of the price hitherto paid in Turkey and Lisbon. Pepper alone to the value of 200,000/- was imported into England in 1623, nine-tenths of which was exported within twelve months. It was estimated that the commerce of the Company with the East would maintain ten thousand tons of shipping, and employ twenty-five hundred mariners and as many artisans. In 1622 the trade to the East Indies brought in a revenue to the king of 40,000/-, which in 1624 increased to 50,000/. When we read that the goods which had been bought in India for 356,288/- produced in England no less a sum than 1,914,600/-, we are not surprised at the large dividends paid by the Company, and the eagerness of the proudest peers of the realm to be enrolled — like Lord Bacon — as shareholders.

This dazzling prosperity was soon to be overshadowed by one of the foulest massacres which a high-spirited nation has ever permitted to remain unavenged. The treaty between England and Holland with regard to the trade in the East Indies turned out, as had been foreseen, practically useless. Within a couple of years of its ratification, the old jealousies were again at work, the old disputes again broke out, and it again became necessary to attempt to settle the differences by fresh negotiations. Both sides complained of "the insufferable wrongs" they had to endure, and each was loud in the protestations of its own innocence. According to the East India Company, the Dutch had flagrantly broken the treaty of 1619; they had not restored the goods

they had taken from the English, but had imported them instead to the Netherlands; they had "imprisoned, imposed fines, inflicted corporal punishment in the market-place, and kept in irons the English;" they would not suffer the English to buy merchandise until the Dutch had been first served; they imposed "great taxes and tolls upon English goods, and levied great fines for non-payment;" they prevented the English from trading in the Moluccas, Banda, and Amboyna; they pressed the English "to pay their proportion in money towards maintaining the forts and garrisons in those islands, notwithstanding they have no trade there;" and they required the English to furnish a ship to remain in the Moluccas for a whole year, contrary to the articles of the treaty. In reply the Dutch complained that the English Company had neglected to maintain the ships of defence as had been agreed upon, that the English interfered unlawfully with the trade of the Dutch in the Spice Islands, and that as for the specific charges brought forward by the Company, they were "so obscure, confused, and ill-prepared," that it was impossible to return a satisfactory answer. England, however, determined at first to tolerate no shuffling in the matter. Our ambassador at the Hague was informed that, unless commissioners were sent from the States to London, to redress the grievances complained of, and enter into a new treaty, the English would have "letters of reprisal against Dutch ships, for that his Majesty had sworn his subjects would not let him rest until he had granted them." The prospect of this alternative roused Holland from her apathy, and on November 28, 1621, ambassadors from the States arrived in London, and negotiations were at once opened with certain lords of the Privy Council, who were appointed by the king lords commissioners for the treaty. The proceedings were most tedious and protracted. Conferences were held and then suddenly broken up, owing to the "wayward proceedings" of the Dutch commissioners. Committees, sat, but so futile and barren of result were the proposals to be discussed that the chairman, the lord treasurer, tore up the minutes in a passion, and, "cut off all further negotiations, saying that he knew how to spend his time better." "Scandalous words," too, we are informed, passed between the merchants on both sides, and on one occasion the papers laid before the lords commissioners were so very

personal in their nature, that they were ordered to be destroyed. At length, after numerous delays and hot disputes, a treaty was signed January 30, 1623. It consisted of fourteen articles, the chief of which were that neither of the rival companies was to grant letters of marque against each other, that there was to be perfect freedom of traffic between the two, that the natives were not to be supplied by either company with arms or other munition of war, that the expenses of the Council of Defence were to be borne equally by both companies, and that all the articles of the treaty of 1619 were to be observed. "Such," writes John Chamberlain with a sneer at the conditions to be observed, "is the hard knot which it has taken from thirteen to fourteen months to tie. Our East India Company will never be the better for it."

Whilst these matters were being settled, "bloody newes from the East Indies" reached our shores. It was said that the English at Amboyna had been cruelly put to death by the Dutch on the pretence of being guilty of treasonable proceedings. The story in circulation throughout London was as follows. A Japanese soldier in the service of the Dutch was observed in conversation with a sentinel then on guard on the castle walls at Amboyna, as to the strength of the castle and the character of the people who garrisoned it. He was arrested upon suspicion of treason and put to the torture, when he confessed that he and others of his countrymen were to have contrived the taking of the castle. The Japanese in Amboyna were seized and at once tortured; these, unable to bear their sufferings, and at the instigation of their tormentors, now asserted that in their attempt to capture the castle they were to have been assisted by the English residing there. Upon this suggested confession, Captain Towerson and all the English in Amboyna were sent for by the governor, and, after being accused of a conspiracy to surprise the castle, were informed that they would be kept prisoners for further examination. The next day the English factors in the neighborhood were arrested and brought in irons to Amboyna. It appears that there was confined in the castle a dissolute Englishman, one Abel Price, a surgeon, who had been imprisoned for attempting, in a drunken fit, to set fire to the house of a Dutchman. This man was now threatened by the authorities with the same tortures as had been applied to the Jap-

anese, unless he swore to corroborate all the statements that had been made against the English. For a short time Price manfully held out against the terrors of the torture-chamber, but, on pain overcoming his scruples, he confessed what was desired of him. The English factors were then separately confronted with Price and accused of treachery. They one and all indignantly denied the charges brought against them, and loudly protested their innocence. Upon their persistent refusal to convict themselves they were led to the cells below and put to the torture. From the State papers before us we are made acquainted with the sufferings they had on these occasions to endure. On entering the torture-chamber each prisoner was first "hoisted by the hands, with a cord attached to his wrists, upon a large door, where he was made fast to two staples of iron fixed on both sides at the top of the doorposts, his hands being hauled, the one from the other, as wide as they could stretch." Thus secured, his feet, which were suspended some two feet from the ground, were "stretched asunder as far as they could reach, and so made fast beneath on each side of the doorposts." A cloth was then bound round the lower part of the face of the victim, tight at the throat and loose at the nose. Water was now poured gently upon the head, until the cloth was full to the mouth and nostrils, so that the prisoner could not draw breath without sucking in the water, "which, being continually poured in, came out of his nose, ears, and eyes, causing the greatest agony, till he became insensible." This result attained, the tortured man was taken down quickly and made to vomit the water. Occasionally these torments were varied by incisions being made in the breasts of the unhappy captives, which were filled with powder and then ignited. In this fiendish manner, we read, some of the factors were tortured "three or four times, until their bodies were frightfully swollen, their cheeks like great bladders, and their eyes starting out of their heads." One, John Clarke, a factor at Hitto, we are told, bore all his sufferings without confessing anything, upon which the Dutch fiscal said he must be a devil or a witch, and have some charm about him that he could bear so much. "So they cut his hair very short, and, hoisting him up again as before, they burned the bottoms of his feet with lighted candles until the fat dropped from them; they also burned the

palms of his hands and under his armpits until his inwards might evidently be seen." At last, wearied and overcome by these tortures, Clarke confessed all that was suggested to him, "to wit, that Captain Towerson had sworn all the English, with the help of the Japanese, to surprise the castle of Amboyna and put the governor and all the Dutchmen to death." His statement was corroborated by most of the other factors, who were prepared to admit anything in order to terminate the horrible torments they had to suffer.

Against this cumulative evidence the assertions of Captain Towerson that he was perfectly innocent of the charges brought against him were in vain. "He was led up into the place of examination, and two great jars of water carried after him. What he there did or suffered was unknown to the rest of the English, but he was made to underwrite his confession there." These examinations, tortures, and confessions were the work of eight days—from February 15 to February 23—and on February 26, 1623, all the prisoners were brought into the great hall of the castle, and solemnly condemned to death. Their last moments were worthy of the nation to which they belonged, and of the religion which they professed. Each man "went one to another, begging forgiveness for their false accusation, being wrung from them by the pains of torture. And they all freely forgave one another, for none had been so falsely accused, but he himself had accused another as falsely." The night before execution was passed in prayer, the prisoners turning a deaf ear to the offers of their Dutch guards, who bade them "drink lustily and drive away their sorrow." Early in the morning they were led out into the castle yard, and the sentence of death read to them. Before "suffering the fatal stroke" the condemned "prayed and charged those that were saved to bear witness to their friends in England of their innocency, and that they died not traitors, but so many innocents, merely murdered by the Hollanders, whom they prayed God to forgive their bloodthirstiness, and to have mercy upon their souls." Ten Englishmen, one Portuguese, and nine Japanese, were then executed with the sword, and all the English save Captain Towerson were buried in one pit. The day following the execution was spent by the Dutch in public rejoicing for their deliverance from this pretended plot.

When the news of the Amboyna massacre reached England, the greatest excitement prevailed. The nation cried out loudly for revenge, and our ambassador at the Hague was instructed to demand reparation from the Dutch. At a court meeting of the Company three points were resolved on—justice against the murderers, reparation for injuries, and a separation of the two companies. And now ensued one of the most ignominious chapters to be found in the history of English diplomacy. The States General declined to be convinced that our version of the story was the correct one; they upheld the conduct of their agents. It was the English who had attempted to seize the castle of Amboyna; their designs had been frustrated, and the ringleaders of the plot had been deservedly executed. It was true that the English prisoners had been tortured, but the accounts that had been circulated of their sufferings had been much exaggerated. Nor was it for England, sneered the States General, where men were pressed to death for political crimes, to cry out against the punishment of torture. The Dutch proceedings in Amboyna, argued the Hollanders, were neither against justice nor without formality, and certainly not with extremity against the conspirators. In reply England stated that the factors condemned to death were not conspirators; the men were innocent of any designs against the governor of Amboyna, and only accused each other of imaginary crimes to escape the torments of torture. It was evident upon the very face of it, she said, that this pretended attack was impossible for the English to execute. The castle of Amboyna was of great strength, it was garrisoned by some two hundred men, whilst living in the town were as many more of their free burghers. "Durst ten English, whereof not one a soldier, attempt anything upon such strength and vigilancy?" Whilst as for the assistance of the Japanese, "they were but ten neither, and all unarmed as well as the English!" And suppose, it was argued, that these twenty persons had been so desperate as to venture the exploit, how could they be able either to master the Dutch in the castle or to keep possession when they had gotten it? What seconds had they at hand? There was neither ship nor pinnace of the English in the harbor, and not an Englishman to be found within forty leagues of Amboyna to render assistance. The idea was as mad in its conception as it was

impossible in its execution. Whilst, on the other hand, in addition to the strength of the castle and town of Amboyna, the Dutch had three other strong castles well furnished with soldiers in the same island and at Cambello adjoining. They had vast stores of arms and ammunition, whilst lying at anchor in the roads of Amboyna were eight men-of-war. Was it probable, said the English commissioners, that a few unarmed men would consent to overthrow such a power? Still, the States General maintained that the conduct of their East India Company, if not perfectly blameless in the matter, was not very guilty. They would institute an enquiry into the affair, and punish the offenders if found to be deserving of punishment, but they declined to make the humiliating reparation required of them. Those who wish to study despatches full of bluster and evasion have only to read the third volume of Mr. Sainsbury's *Caleendar*, where the history of the negotiations that took place on this occasion is for the first time made public. The king vowed vengeance, but his ire spent itself in idle threats. He declared that by August 12, 1624, he would have satisfaction "both for the slaughter of our people and the spoil of our goods." Yet, said Governor Abbott, in full court of the Company, "the day is come and past, and we have heard nothing." He swore that unless reparation was made he would attack the Dutch ships in the narrow seas, but no orders were issued for the English fleet to stand out to sea to attack the enemy. The truth was that the treaties between England and the United Provinces, who were then fighting against Spanish dominion in the Netherlands, rendered it most undesirable that a rupture should take place between the courts of St. James's and the Hague. England fancied that she was avenging the insult done to her flag by a bluster which deceived no one, and threats which caused no apprehension.

And thus the matter rested [writes Mr. Sainsbury] three months after King James had ceased to reign; and though efforts were made from time to time by his successor to see justice done, which were renewed again and again during the interregnum, and even in Charles the Second's reign, whenever any treaty between England and the United Provinces was in question, so the matter rested.

With the massacre of Amboyna Mr. Sainsbury concludes the present portion of his labors. His volumes contain a mine of wealth hitherto unwrought, and

offer for the first time a full and authentic history of the rise and development of our colonial power in the East. He has performed his task with the care and ability which are expected from the publications of the Record Office. Mr. Sainsbury possesses all the gifts so necessary in an editor — an independent knowledge of the subject on which he treats, a happy knack in seizing the salient points of the papers before him, great care in the collating of manuscripts, and an evident interest in the duties entrusted to him, which renders him jealous of error and confusion. We have taken upon ourselves in several instances to compare Mr. Sainsbury's *précis* of the documents with the documents themselves, and we have invariably found that, whilst all irrelevant matter is dismissed, nothing of importance is omitted. The history of our colonies in the East has yet to be given to the world, but when it comes to be written it will be found that most of its materials will have been derived from the Colonial State Papers now wisely being calendarized for the benefit of the historians and commercial writers of the future.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE STORY OF YVES.

A BRETON LEGEND.

CHAPTER IX.

ROUSED.

YVES waked with the consciousness that something unusual had happened, but for a while he could not be sure that he was not still dreaming.

He had seen in the night Liszen sitting sewing beside her canary bird. He had even heard her soft, low voice telling her mother that Yves would return. "Yes, yes, he is coming," the girl said, and Yves saw a glad smile on her face. Then the vision faded and he awoke.

What was this? He looked round him, and yesterday and its events came back. Down-stairs he should find Eileen expecting a lover-like greeting, and yet his thoughts were filled with Liszen. He started from his bed and stood pale and perplexed.

All at once he roused. "It is my fate," he said simply; and then he resolutely turned from the vision of the Breton girl, and hurrying on his clothes, he went down into the shop, and found the boy busy taking down the shutters.

Yves occupied himself setting everything ready for the day's business. He had not finished when the parlor door was gently opened, and Eileen peeped into the shop. There was a new look in her sweet face, an imploring, timid expression which touched Yves.

He saw that she still doubted his love. So he went across the shop to her and gave her a tender greeting, and as his lips met hers, his scruples melted.

Love had a transforming power on Eileen. She had always been pretty, but as she smiled up at her lover, she was beautiful. Her eyes seemed to swim in soft, dark light, her delicate skin glowed with rosy color, and her golden curls fell over her shoulders in rippling waves.

Yves thought he had never seen anything so beautiful. How could he help petting and caressing this exquisite, loving creature?

All that day he moved about in a halo of delight, a rose-colored mist spread itself over the future, he believed only in the present.

In the evening they had gone out into the yard behind the house; Yves was playing with Eileen's little black cat, teaching it to climb, while its mistress looked on smiling. Mr. Smith walked up and down smoking, one hand under his coat-tails and the other holding his pipe.

All at once the kitchen door was flung violently open, and Bridget rushed out among them wringing both hands, and with a face full of horror.

"Lave yer foolin'," she said sternly to Yves, "is it a time to be playin' wi' dumb bastes, an' one as we've known lyin' stark and drowned?"

Smith took his pipe out of his mouth. "What ails ye, Bridget?" he said quietly.

"Sure, then, and it's not me myself that ails anything at all at all," she said more calmly, for her master's manner always controlled Bridget, — "it's Harriett round the corner."

Mr. Smith looked puzzled, but Eileen gave a cry of horror, and went up to the excited old woman. "Harriett," she said earnestly, "do you mean Harriett Makins?"

Bridget nodded, then gulping down what seemed to be a wish to fight some one, she went on.

"I thought to meself," she said, "that Miss Eileen 'ood soon be wantin' gowns an' what not, and so I was going to make bould an' bespeak little Harriett, for no one could fit so well as she, the party

soul." She broke down with a groan and put her apron to her eyes. "Well," she went on, "I goes to her lodgin' to find her. As I turns round our corner I sees a crowd round her dour, and when I tries to push through, a woman stops me, an' says she, 'Harriett's lost; she's not been heard of since morning.' I felt wake all over, an' chilled, for the look o' that woman said a dale more than her words did; an' then — oh! wirra-wirra!" — she hid her face again, and rocked backwards as if she were going to fall.

"Come, come, Bridget, ye old fool!" Mr. Smith spoke firmly, "you're frightening Eileen to death. Speak out, can't ye?"

Bridget raised her hand and looked at him scornfully.

"It's mighty aisly to smile when it's yer neighbor's fut the black ox has trod on, not yer own," then her eyes fell on Eileen's pale, scared face, and she went on hastily, "well, the woman said no more than that, an' in a jiffey before ye could speak the crowd opens an' four boys — sailors — comes along carryin' a stretcher, an' there was the poor cratur pale an' drowned, all her hair lyin' along in black ropes — ochone!" — she bursts into a flood of passionate tears, and a cry of horror broke from her listeners.

Suddenly she roused, shook her fist, and looked menacingly at Yves, who was staring at her with an intense effort to catch the meaning of her words.

"By the powers, by the Holy Virgin herself, if I ever set eyes on the crawling sneak that's done it, I'll throttle him yet."

"Done it!" exclaimed the clockmaker, "who's done it? why it's murder if any one has drowned the poor girl. What do you mean, Bridget?" he said impatiently; "has any step been taken? Has a warrant been taken out to arrest this murderer, and who is he?"

Bridget shook her head.

"Ye can't touch him, the dirty spaldeen," her eyes flamed with fury; "he's done it this way. He's been coortin' Harriett this year an' more, an' all at onst he finds a girl at Gloucester with money, who's willin' to have him, bad luck to her, an' he laves the poor cratur here widout sayin' a word, except that his business takes him to Gloucester; and yesterday she gets a letter telling her he's going to marry another girl; an' it's been too much for the poor cratur entirely. I told her months agone he was half-hearted, but she wouldn't hear a word against him. 'I trust him as much as I love him,' the

poor cratur said. See what her trust's come to."

She darted another angry look at Yves, and disappeared into the kitchen.

Eileen was crying bitterly; the young dressmaker had been a humble friend, and Eileen had been very fond of her; and she had been the confidant of poor Harriett's love. Mr. Smith turned moodily out of the yard; he was very sorry for Harriett, but her suicide shocked him.

At last Eileen looked up at Yves. She longed for comfort in her sorrow, but her lover had no eyes for her, he stood leaning against the wall of the yard as if he had suddenly turned to stone.

Bridget's words had reached him quite sufficiently to tell the story, and her angry looks had carried conviction with them.

Yves's sombre imagination pictured Liszen in the place of the drowned girl.

He had not written to her for weeks. Who could say that some chance wayfarer might not bear the news of his marriage to the little Breton town near the sea, and so send despair and death into Liszen's soul? Why had he not realized this possibility before?

He did not look up, but he felt that Eileen was standing near him. He could neither approach nor look at her. The thought of her beauty made him writhe almost with loathing, for in this moment of self-abhorrence he forgot his own pity and Eileen's love. He only remembered the soft, comfortable, self-indulgent thoughts which had lured him from his duty. He, a Breton, reared to hard labor, and scanty fare, and poverty, had yielded himself to a dream of ease and plenty not gained by his own toiling. He, too, peasant-born, had been so weak as to think with satisfaction, even if he had not coveted it, of wedding a lady — for Eileen seemed to the poor fellow to belong to a rank far above his own.

Just then she spoke. "Yves," she said, but her voice was so low that he did not feel obliged to hear it. He turned away, and went out of the yard by the gate which led into a side street.

"How tender-hearted he is, dear fellow!" said Eileen, "he feels more for poor Harriett than I do. I suppose I am selfish, but my happiness so fills my heart that it seems as if nothing I hear can take any real hold of me. Poor Harriett! and yet," all the color faded out of her fair face, "death must surely be a mercy to her, if —" She paused a moment,

and a look of terror dulled her eyes, "No, no," she said, "I will not let myself think of such a thing. I would not doubt my darling Yves, even if I could."

CHAPTER X.

A WARNING.

POOR Harriett's death was soon forgotten. Eileen found another dressmaker, and in the excitement of forwarding her young mistress's preparations, Bridget forgot her previsions and her fears. She was really too busy to notice him, or she must have observed the gloom that had settled on Yves.

Mr. Smith saw it, but he had early recognized the existence of a mystic, morbid temperament in the young Breton, and he suspected that where there was so much reticence there was also much strength of feeling.

He decided mentally that it was the fervor of Yves's love that kept him moody and silent, and he bade Eileen hurry her preparations, as probably the marriage might have to be hastened by a day or two.

But the agony of Yves was growing beyond endurance. Night after night, as soon as his head was laid on his pillow, came back the vision of Liszen, sitting, waiting for him, full of honest trust. The miserable young fellow wrestled with himself to tell the truth, to give up all and to turn his back forever on Bristol and on Eileen. In vain, the thought of Eileen's sorrow, and the impossibility, so it seemed to him, of finding words in which to tell his story clearly, kept him silent; but these fevered, delirious nights were wearing him out; he looked the ghost of his former self.

One night, a week before the marriage day, he had been so silent and cold towards Eileen all supper time, that at last the girl looked at him tearfully and asked if he were angry with her.

"No," he said, and then, not daring to meet the eyes which he felt so fondly fixed on his own, he said good-night, and hurried from the room.

The conflict in his mind had raged so fiercely all day, that almost as soon as his head lay on his pillow he fell into exhausted sleep.

All at once he roused. What had wakened him? A sound that filled the room — a sound of church bells, not loud and clangling, but the sweet, far-away bells of his native town. But the bells are slow and solemn in their tone. Good heav-

ens! it is the passing bell bidding farewell to a departed soul. He tries not to listen to the anguish they rouse; but the bells grow stronger, stronger yet, and now they ring in his heart.

Yves starts up awake—great drops hang on his forehead. Hush! The bells toll more faintly now; they are hushed—dying—dying away.

And now that the bells are hushed, what is this that takes their place? A sweet voice. Ah, how well Yves knows it! how often he has listened to its music! And now, hark! it sings beneath his window.

Yves listens with a wildly beating heart. Yes, he is at home again. The walls of his room open, and see! here is the hedge-bordered road leading up from the bar, and he comes along it, his hands full of groundsel for Liszen's bird. He looks up at her window; he cannot see even a glimpse of her white cap. But hark! she is singing the ballad of "The Betrothed," the song that suits her plaintive voice so well.

"Mother, what means the whispering
I hear around my bed?

The servants all wear robes of dole,
Mother, your eyes are red."

"My son, your sickness makes us still,
And fills the house with woe;
Black is the mode for wearing now,
For you my tears down flow."

The voice ceases. Yves springs out of bed. Yes, he is sure he is at home, and he answers, kneeling by the window, the voice of Liszen. He takes up the next verse of the ballad:—

"Mother, dear mother, prithee tell
Why my heart sinks and fails;
Why the dogs howl so pitifully,
And e'en the sunshine pales."

He pauses, and the answer comes in the same sweet, low voice:—

"My son, the heart must faint and fail
When all it loves lies cold.
The dogs must howl, the sun grow pale,
At sight of fresh-turned mould."

Again Yves sings:—

"Mother, oh mother, why these sounds,
And why the passing bell;
The priests go chanting through the street,
What mean they, mother, tell?"

This time the voice rises into a wail, as it answers:—

"My son, they nail a coffin close,
The passing bell doth toll.
The priests bear thy beloved one home,
And pray for her poor soul."

The voice dies away in a moan, as of pain.

The bells toll faintly now; Yves hears the voice die away; and then comes a pause. He opens his eyes at last. It is night; all is still as death, and he is on his knees beside the window.

He rises up with horror in his heart. This is the warning of God; if he resists it he will be damned to all eternity. It is the call of heaven to give up Eileen's fascinations and the fatal ease and prosperity which have tempted him from his duty; he must return to Brittany and to Liszen.

He seems again to hear the tolling of the bell—the warning of the song. It is possible that Liszen lies dying of grief at his prolonged absence. All at once he remembers that the marriage day is fixed; he remembers, too, Eileen's love.

"No use—no use! everything must go," he cries in terror. "This is a warning from heaven. If I do not obey it I am lost; and I must obey it instantly."

At first it seems to him that he must steal out of the house with his bundle of clothes, as poor as he came into it. He cannot take away with him any of the clockmaker's generous gifts. It is useless to seek an interview with Mr. Smith—how can he make himself understood?

Hours pass away in a tumult of conflicting and opposite feelings; but the daylight, as it glimmers into the street, brings calm with it into his struggling soul.

He kneels down and thanks God fervently for having brought him back to his duty before it was too late; and he vows solemnly, at whatever sacrifice, to obey the warning he has received.

Then he sits down on his bed to consider how this can best be done. All at once a new thought comes—why can he not write to the clockmaker? It is a gleam of light in his darkness.

He rises up, and as he walks up and down his room he tries to compose a letter to Mr. Smith. It is not easy work, but when he has set down his explanation in French, he gets the dictionary which Eileen gave him and taught him how to use, and after about two hours of labor he has produced a letter in which he has told his whole story. He explains the mistake caused by his words to Eileen, how she mistook friendship for love, and then he tells the difficulty he has since felt in setting this straight. He repeats this over and over, so that there is no fear of not being understood now; and he expresses

his deep sorrow — if he had only thought sooner of writing, then much evil might have been avoided and much disappointment spared. But he must go, he says — it is inevitable; and then he tells the solemn warning he has received, and his determination to return to Brittany. He ends his letter with penitent and humble thanks for the great goodness shown him, of which he has proved so unworthy.

It is still early. He steals softly out of his room, and slips the letter under Mr. Smith's door; then, going back, he dresses himself, makes up his clothes into a bundle, and waits.

An hour passes slowly. He hears the shutters taken down; he hears Eileen's bright laugh as she goes down-stairs, and he turns pale as a ghost. There is noise and movement both in the house and in the street, but after a while he fancies that the sounds in the house grow hushed.

At last, there comes a step up the stairs; it is long past noon, but Yves has taken no heed of time.

Ever since he placed the letter under the door, he has been in a sort of stupor, and in this state he has waited as senseless as a dumb brute.

When he came back into his room he put a chair against his door to prevent a sudden entering; and now, when a tap comes, he has to move this aside before he can open the door.

There is no one outside, but as Yves listens he hears Bridget's heavy foot at the bottom of the staircase.

A plate of bread and meat and a glass of ale is set on the mat outside the door, and beside this lies a letter addressed "Yves Duroc."

Yves's hands shake so, he can hardly open this; he feels that the letter is heavy, and then he remembers that several weeks' wages are due to him. His head swims as he tries to read, and at first he cannot grasp the meaning of the words; but it is too simple to mistake.

"How could you do a thing like this? Why did you not tell us sooner that you were engaged to another? We saw something was amiss, but never thought you had so deceived us. God forgive you! I dare not think how my poor child will bear the news. You must not meet again. You must go — the sooner the better; but as you have done your duty by me as a workman, with this I send a recommendation to a friend at Edinburgh who will give you employment, and pay you wages on which you can keep a wife.

"JOHN SMITH."

Besides the letter of recommendation, there was inclosed twice as much money as Yves expected to receive.

CHAPTER XI.

HOME.

YVES had been for several days on board the ship in which he had sailed from Bristol. The heavily-laden vessel was bound for Cherbourg, and it was to put in at the little seaport town below Ille Bréhat.

At first Yves had suffered greatly, being a bad sailor; he was tormented too with the thought of Eileen's sorrow; but after they had passed Bréhat, and when he saw the grey ruins in the bay, and soon after, rising behind them, the spire of his native church, he forgot all suffering, and his heart swelled with joy.

At last the vessel entered the inner harbor, and after some delay landed its passengers. Yves fell on his knees as soon as he reached the quay, and thanked the Blessed Virgin and his patron, Saint Yves, for his safe return.

As he hurries into the town, his sad presentiments vanish. It seems as if each time his feet press the beloved soil, his heart receives fresh strength.

The last few months, even the thought of Eileen and her sorrow, fade away like a night vision; he is at home at last. Nothing can keep Liszen from him now.

He goes along quickly, and he looks in the face of each person he meets, but all are strange to him; his pulses throb with expectation.

There is only one principal street in the little town, and the widow Perrik's house is in a turning that leads out of this. Yves's heart beats fast as he approaches it. How sweet and pure the air is, he thinks — how freely one breathes! He stops a few doors off. Shall he go first to one of the neighbors? No, there will be the risk that some one may see him and carry to Liszen the news of his return.

But he goes slowly now; he does not know why, but fear is taking the place of hope.

He is in sight of the house, and all at once he stands still, gazing.

Liszen is there sitting at the window, but she does not see Yves. She sits looking sadly at her canary, while her sewing hangs idly between her fingers. Ah, how sad and worn she looks, and how the light has faded from her dark-blue eyes! They are pale, and so is her

sweet face ; it looks wan beside the white edge of her cap.

The half-door of the house is not fastened ; Yves pushes it open, bends his head under the low, rounded entrance, and now he is in the room with Liszen.

She has heard his approach, and she stands an instant gazing with wide-open eyes and parted lips, as if she saw a ghost. And then, with a low cry, she stumbles across the floor to meet Yves, and falls sobbing on his breast.

They stand silent, clasping one another closely ; they cannot speak.

At last Yves says gently, —

"Liszen ! my poor Liszen !" in the Breton words so long unspoken. He puts her back from him a little, and looks at her face, and then, clasping her yet more tenderly, he presses his lips to hers.

She cannot speak, for at first her sobs are like to choke her, but soon they lose their bitterness, as she realizes the great joy that has come. She has never doubted Yves, but it seems more than she deserves that he has come back to her as true and as fond as when he went away.

He draws her to the settle near the empty hearth ; and there, with her head resting on his shoulder, he wins her to tell him what has been happening, and why she weeps so sorely.

He dares not ask for the widow Perrik ; something tells him that for her he has come too late.

And then by degrees Liszen tells all that has befallen her, and how her mother was taken to her rest, and as she names the day of her death, Yves shudders and trembles, for he remembers too well it was in the night before that day that he heard the bell toll for departed souls, and answered the song of the betrothed from his window.

Liszen sees his agitation ; she thinks his grief for her mother has caused it, and she asks no questions. Her sadness and fears are over. Tears are on her face, but she smiles through them. Yves has come back to her — her Yves whom she has so longed to see, and whose love she has never doubted.

"My poor Yves, I have forgotten," she says tenderly, and then she draws herself away from him and rises ; "all this time you are hungry and tired. Sit still by the hearth, and I will bring you food."

She sets before him black rye bread and buttermilk. It is all she has to offer ; and Yves, accustomed to wholesome English living, thinks it is no wonder Liszen

looks pale and wan if she lives on such food as this.

It adds to his joy that he can take her away forever from her hard work and harder fare.

He goes up to her, and puts his arm tenderly round the pale girl.

"Liszen," he says, "we must not heed the year of mourning. I have to go back at once to my employment, and you will go with me, dear little one, as my wife ?"

There is no shyness about Yves now. He speaks in a firm, masterful tone, though his eyes rest lovingly on Liszen.

He feels a strange change in himself, as if his soul had been away from his body all these months, and had now suddenly returned. It seems to him that he must be father, mother, and husband too to Liszen.

He kisses her.

"You do not answer, little dove," he says. "Surely we need not wait any longer for our happiness."

She looks up at him with a sweet seriousness, and puts both her small, brown hands in his.

"It shall be as you wish, Yves," she says simply ; "henceforth you only have the right to guide my life."

But even then it seemed to Liszen a great calamity to leave her native country for a foreign land ; still her life is so bound up in Yves, that she feels her home must be wherever he wills to dwell.

They go together next day to the churchyard, and kneel together hand in hand beside the grave of the widow Perrik, marked, like so many others, by a black wooden cross, on which is painted in white a shower of tears.

"Adieu, mother," Yves says. "If I take your child away from you, it is because I seek to give her health and happiness. We will meet you, mother dear, on the shores of the departed, when the bell sounds to call our souls away."

But Liszen cannot bring herself to say adieu. She only weeps silently ; and when at last she rises from her knees, it seems as if she is wrenching her heart away from the fibres that cling to the soil of Brittany.

A few days pass, and then they stand in the parish church before the altar, and the old curé who baptized Yves, and prepared them both for their first communion, blesses their marriage.

It is a very quiet wedding. Madame Kergrist, the employer for whom Liszen has worked all these years beside her canary, goes to church with the motherless

girl, and Yves finds an old comrade, once a fellow-workman at Roic's, to go with him. Then, when the ceremony is over, Madame Kergrist gives a wedding dinner at her house to the young couple and a few friends. But there is no boisterous joy, nor is there any of the lavish hospitality which generally forms part of a Breton wedding.

Gifts, too, are wanting, for the young pair have lost many friends by death or by removal, and Yves is so anxious to secure a new means of living, that he would not delay his marriage so as to give time for the customary announcements of it. He looks very happy on his wedding-day. There is perhaps a trifle more of seriousness than might have been expected in so young a bridegroom, for Yves is not yet four-and-twenty years old; but then the lookers-on say to one another he is taking a double charge on himself, in marrying a friendless orphan, and one whose health has never been strong. No wonder he should sometimes look serious in the midst of his joy.

Liszen's face is full of serene peace. She left her griefs on her mother's grave when she and Yves knelt beside it. The old life is over for her, and to-day she has begun the new one. Henceforth she is a part of Yves; all her life must be devoted to his happiness, his comfort, to please him; and as these thoughts fill her heart, her pale cheeks flush, her eyes glow with tender light, and Madame Kergrist, who sits on the bridegroom's right hand, exclaims,—

" You were in the right to hasten your marriage, Monsieur Duroc. See, it has given new life to our Liszen; she is no longer Liszen *la pâle*."

Yves looks fondly at his bride.

" You may be sure she shall be well cared for," he says tenderly. " She needs a long rest after her weary spell of work and sorrow."

When the meal is over, Yves draws his wife away from the guests.

" Little one," he says, " we have not yet visited the bay. Let us go and look at the old place once more."

Their friends propose to accompany them, but Yves, shaking his head, says with a grave dignity,—

" I thank you for your goodness, and so does my beloved, but our hours in the dear home-land are numbered, and we must bid farewell to the loved haunts of our childhood by ourselves."

As they go along the hedge-bordered road, a few children follow them, for

though Liszen's dress is simple, it is the marriage dress of her country, and her white shawl and lace cap are not ordinary garments; but Yves gives the little hang-ers-on some centimes, and they are left in peace.

The sun shines as brightly on the bay as it did on that day when Liszen slept under the willow-trees; but the wind blows chilly, and the edges of the wave-lets look metallic in the sharpness of their curves.

The young couple are both dreamy-natured, and as they stand looking out to sea, they watch the white foam breaking over the brown rocks, and sometimes leaping high in anger as the wave below it rolls up more strongly against the hidden dangers of the bay.

Liszen begins to tremble while she still gazes at the sea. For the first time it seems terrible to her, an angry monster which may swallow up hundreds of lives.

" Husband," she says timidly, " we shall see the sea again, for we are going to meet its dangers. Let us turn and look at what we are leaving."

She turns as she speaks, and fixes her eyes on the abbey ruin rising out of the trees, and the grey manor-house beside it.

The little parterre in the open square of this can be seen from where they stand. It is brilliant with flowers, which make almost a mocking contrast to the faded, lichen-covered walls around them.

A deep sadness steals over Yves, but as he looks at Liszen he sees her eyes fill with tears, and love comes to help him against sorrow.

If he wanted a proof of the truth of his love for Liszen, he might find it in the energy with which he rouses himself from this mystic, dreamy contemplation to comfort and cheer her.

" My beloved," he draws her close to him and kisses her, " you must not think only of the farewell, you must try to think of the return. See, I have come back safe and sound — why should not you do the same? Think rather, my beloved, of the joy we shall feel when we bring our little ones home to play with the pebbles of the bay, and to strew flowers on our mother's grave in the churchyard."

Liszen blushes and smiles; but the wind is very chill this evening, and Yves draws her shawl more closely round her shoulders.

" The wind is strong and cold too," he says tenderly. " I must take you home, little wifie."

But though Liszen answers the ardor

in his eyes with eyes full of love, yet, as she turns finally away from the bay, she trembles.

"If a ship were driven in among those rocks, it could not be saved," she thinks. "Ah, one must always pray fervently for mariners!"

She glances up at her husband, and then she keeps her thought to herself. She cannot cloud the joy in his face by even a hint of sorrow.

CHAPTER XII.

"GONE AWAY."

MR. SMITH did not tell Eileen anything of what had happened until he knew that Yves was far away.

At breakfast-time she had wondered at her lover's absence, and her father accounted for it by saying that he was engaged on important business, which would detain him for some hours. So Eileen went fluttering between the parlor and the shop, anxious and impatient for his return.

But just when he knew Yves would be departing, her father called Eileen into the parlor to help him with some accounts. Every now and then the girl became conscious of the seriousness that was gaining on her, and then she burst into a bright laugh to get rid of the unnatural pressure.

"How grave you are, father!" she said.

Mr. Smith only shook his head reprovingly. "Accounts are serious things," he said, and bent down over his papers.

But when dinner-time came, and still no Yves, Eileen grew sad and listless. Spite of her preoccupation, she began to see that her father's manner was unusual.

He scarcely spoke, and once he answered Bridget so sharply that the old woman looked aghast and muttered to herself. At last he pushed his plate away, and Eileen saw that he had not eaten anything.

"This dinner is badly cooked — not fit to eat," he said impatiently; he stretched out his hand for the bottle, and poured himself out a second glass of whiskey, an indulgence so unusual that Eileen looked on in amazement.

He saw the look, and pushing his glass away, he went up-stairs.

He was almost beside himself. His anger against Yves had soon burnt out in his intense fear for his child; he knew how fondly she loved the young Breton; how was he to tell her?

At last he went down again; he had a vague hope she might have gone out; but

she sat waiting for him with a very earnest look on her sweet face.

"Father," she said, "sit down here," she patted the sofa on which she sat. "You are keeping something from me — I am sure you are. Something has happened that I do not know. Where is Yves? Bridget will not answer when I ask her. Where is Yves, father?"

The question was a relief. He must tell her now, and she had shown him how to begin his dreadful tidings.

"Yves has gone away, my darling." He put his arm round her while he spoke, but he leaned back so as not to see her face; he could not bear to look at the agony which he knew he must bring there.

"Gone away!" In an instant she had turned round; and now she started up, faced him, and put a hand on each shoulder as if she feared he would escape her; then, after a stupefied pause, words came back to her. "Father, father, what do you mean?" she said, in a high, impetuous voice, and she shook him in her vehemence. "He is gone, but he is coming back — of course he is coming back — you know it as well as I do!"

The poor father had not counted on this violence. After the fashion in which we are apt to plan the probable conduct of others, and waste imagination in preparing ourselves to meet that which never happens, he had expected despair and floods of tears. His Eileen had always been so gentle that this mood was unexpected; he looked at her in wonder; he could not tell how to answer, and she shook his shoulders again in her anger.

"Tell me what has happened. You shall tell me at once what you have done with him. Ah! you have sent him away. Cruel — wicked father!"

Her wild eyes frightened him; he tried to soothe her.

"Hush, hush, machree! sit down beside me!" he pulled her on to the sofa and stroked her head softly. "I can tell ye nothin' while ye're so put about; ye must quiet yourself, Eileen."

She clasped her hands in her lap, and pressed her lips together.

"Look at me — I am quiet; but, father, I have been waiting hours, don't keep me a minute longer in suspense."

Her imploring eyes seemed to force the words from him. He had thought to tell her the truth little by little; but he felt that he must not hide it from her now; she would never rest till she knew the worst.

"It is very bad news I have for ye, me darlin'," he said sadly, "an' I'm thinkin' whether ye can bear it."

"Go on," she said impatiently, and she beat her foot on the ground.

"I blame myself"—her father's voice was growing hoarse with agitation. "God in heaven, child, I don't know how to tell ye at all at all; but Yves was not what we thought him, me darlin'; he is a false-hearted deceiver, and he is a coward besides!"

"Father," she drew herself up proudly, "if you are going to speak ill of Yves, I will not listen; you are not speaking truth."

The color flew over the clockmaker's face, and then he checked himself.

"I cannot tell ye what ye ask me, me child, unless I spake the truth," he said sadly. "Eileen, machree, Yves had never any love to give ye. Before ye ever saw him he was promised to a girl across the sea in Brittany."

Eileen broke into a loud laugh.

"I like that," she said; "oh, I do, when he has said over and over again he loves me dearly! Why don't you tell the truth, father?" she went on, contemptuously; "why don't ye say 'I did not like a poor son-in-law, so I've sent him away'?"

"I!" the fond father put his hand to his forehead in intense bewilderment.

"Yes, you!" She spoke in such a strange, harsh voice, that he looked at her in alarm.

He was too much overwrought and oppressed to study her closely, or he might have seen that the blow had already fallen on Eileen. Yves's sadness, his avoidance of her society during these last days, had brought back the doubts and fears which those few brief hours of love had chased from her heart; then these hours of bewildered suspense, her father's first words had struck death to any disbelief in them. She was not really struggling against the truth, she was only fighting her own despair; the waters were closing over her head—if she yielded tamely to this belief, she felt that she was lost.

"Eileen," her father's voice roused her from the stupor that was fast clouding over her powers of comprehension, "have I ever deceived ye, machree? have I not striven to make life pleasant for ye, darlin'? When yer blessed mother was taken from us, I knew that I'd a date to make up to ye, alanna. An' now see," he said hoarsely, "the very thing I set myself to do for your happiness has turned to sor-

row. Bad luck to the day I ever set eyes on the skulking fellow!"

She rose up, her eyes bright with anger, a sudden hope flashed light into her darkness.

"Why should I believe you?" she said; "you talk and talk, but you give no proof of what you say. Yves would never slink away without leaving a word for me."

Her father hesitated; he had resolved not to show her Yves's letter—at least, not during the first outburst of her grief; but he did not know what other proof to give her.

"He is gone," he said, "Bridget saw him go away. Come, come, my poor child," he went on fondly, and took both her hands in his, "Eileen, machree, you will not disbelieve your father?"

She snatched her hands away.

"He is gone, because you sent him. He was wrong to go in this way; if he had come to me, I would have gone too. I would have followed him all over the world. Oh, it is shamefully cruel!"

"Well, then," the clockmaker's indignation made him forget all caution, "you had better know the whole truth, and then you will think differently. You have too much spirit to talk of following a man who has deceived you."

He took Yves's letter from his pocket and gave it to her.

Eileen took the letter eagerly. She tried to read it, but she was trembling violently; she could scarcely hold it, and she gave it back to her father.

"Read it—I cannot read!" she said, in a choked voice, and she leaned back on the sofa to listen.

Mr. Smith cleared his throat, and began to read. As he went on he glanced nervously at Eileen, but she had clasped her hands over her face, and he went on reading; when he came to the end he paused, but Eileen did not speak.

Her motionless attitude frightened him; he touched her arm, then she took her hands away, and he saw how sad her face was. She shook her head in answer to his anxious look.

"Leave me," she said, "leave me in peace."

"My poor darling," he bent over her and kissed her.

"Ah, go away," she said; "I don't want to be worried."

Her voice sounded pettish rather than angry. Her father felt relieved that she had taken the affair so quietly, and he rejoiced that the scene he had so dreaded was over.

He went to Bridget and told her not to disturb her mistress.

"She must be left in peace," he said.

So it happened that neither of them went into the parlor till evening. Then Bridget opened the door, and her outcry summoned the clockmaker.

Yes, peace had come to Eileen!

They found her lying where she had fallen forward on the floor. She had struck the side of her head a frightful blow in falling, but even this had not aroused her from her deadly unconsciousness. She lay senseless for hours, and when she roused, it was to long fits of delirium, in which she called on Yves, sometimes to return to her, sometimes to shield her from the cruelty of her father.

For days she lay between life and death. Her beautiful hair had been cut close to her head, for in those days remedies on the part affected were the sovereign cure for brain fever. As she lay, white as death, except for the fever flush that burned fiercely below her distended eyes, her father, gazing sadly at his unconscious child, cursed the day when his impulsive charity had led him to befriend Yves Duroc.

Bridget's imprecations were loud and deep. She called for every possible evil to light on the head of the young Breton.

The fever lasted for weeks, but even when this was subdued and Eileen was declared convalescent, the doctor looked troubled. "The mind had not kept pace with the body," he said, and he warned poor Smith that it was quite possible that the balance might never return to the reason of his daughter.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE EXILES.

SIX years have gone by since Yves and his wife bade farewell to their native land.

Mr. Smith's recommendation to a clockmaker in Edinburgh proved successful, and Yves made rapid progress in his new master's favor.

He had now for some time had a business of his own, and was able to give Liszen all the comforts his heart desired for her; but lately she had drooped and faded.

Yves longed for a child, but in Liszen's delicate health this blessing could hardly be hoped for. The only trial their married life had known had been this wishful longing for a little one; there had been no hardships, few uncertainties, few anxieties; and there had been full measure of

love and trust, of that sweet life which is lived for another, not for itself, and which strives to bear all burdens for the beloved.

The simple, rugged ways of the people seemed homelike to the young Bretons, and then the sea was so near at hand. Liszen had said to her husband, soon after their arrival,—

"Life would be strange, would it not, Yves, without the sound of the sea?"

Liszen did not like the dull, closed-up Sundays in Edinburgh. "They oppress me," she said. "I feel as if I were living with the blind, when I see nothing but shutters everywhere."

So on summer Sundays they used to go down to Musselburgh or Newhaven, and sit gazing across the muddy stretch of sand. In the winter they would climb to the top of Arthur's Seat, and gaze at the splendid view of town and river and far-off sea. Then Liszen seemed to breathe more freely, her eyes grew bright and eager as she gazed.

"I am so happy, dear husband," she said fondly, stealing her hand into that of Yves; "but I always breathe better when I can see the sea. It brings back to me the air of beloved Brittany."

Yves smiled at her fancy, he did not pine after his native land; he liked his Scotch life, and he had Liszen. He hoped some day to take her back to see her mother's grave, but for the present he was content; he never dreamed that his quiet, tender wife was secretly pining to return to Brittany.

She had always been delicate and weakly, but the scanty fare of her childhood, and then her life of constant toil and hardship, and the long waiting for Yves, had sapped the little strength she had, and disease made her an easy prey.

She had been so happy since her marriage that a bloom had come to her cheeks, and a light to her eyes, that looked like health. She was so sweet, so bright too, that Yves never dreamed that his darling was slowly wasting away.

But this year an unmistakable change had come; her eyes were still bright, but her cheeks had grown hollow, and the bloom on them had changed to a hectic flush. She had a constant cough too, and she stooped and put her hand to her side when the wearing fits of coughing came.

One day she asked Yves to take her for a walk. He had not done this lately, as he fancied she tired so soon; but she asked him so earnestly that he consented.

The wind was cold, and Liszen shivered.

"I am growing lazy," she smiled at her husband. "I feel as if strength had gone from me."

A violent fit of coughing choked her speech. She turned pale, and sank into her husband's arms.

Yves was terribly frightened. He got her home with difficulty; but he did not tell her his fears; and when she had quite revived, he tried to make light of her illness.

Liszen gave him a sad smile. She knew the truth, and her heart was full of grief.

But Yves had roused like a man from a dream. It seemed to him that all at once he saw death written in the face of his beloved wife. How blind he had been all this while!

That night he went to a doctor, and learned the truth of his fears. The doctor came next day; and then he told Yves there was no hope for Liszen; but, in spite of his agony, the poor fellow leapt his knowledge to himself. It was as much as he could do to bear to watch life ebb silently away; he could not increase this suffering by sharing it with her.

He never guessed that she had realized her state; that she often communed with herself when she knew he could not watch her face.

"I do not fear death," she said, the night after the doctor's visit, while Yves lay sleeping beside her. "I am going to God, and I shall see my mother, and I shall be ready to greet Yves when he comes to join us on the shores of the departed. I only grieve to leave him here alone; he will miss me so sadly." Then thought took another direction, "Oh, it is sad, too, to die away from the blessed shores of Brittany! What will my poor wandering soul do among stranger souls and heretics from the holy faith, who do not even speak the same tongue? No, my soul will not rest away from the dear home land."

Still when morning came she said no word to Yves. Instead, she strove to hide her suffering, and to make life as bright as she could.

But when night returned the same fancy came with it; it pursued her. Even when she fell asleep she seemed to hear the waves dashing against the rocks in the bay, or to see the old grass-grown churchyard in the town, where she longed to lie beside her mother.

Even when Yves asked her why she

moaned in her sleep, she did not tell him the weary longing of her soul.

"I will not make him sad before the time comes," she said. "I have made him sad enough by my coughing, poor Yves. I will wait for the end before I speak."

Every day Liszen strove to show herself more loving, as if she were trying to make up to her husband the years she was taking away from his happiness.

Sometimes she was so gay, and her cheeks flushed so brightly, that the poor fellow deceived himself, and began to hope against hope; and then Liszen grew white again, and his courage failed. Then he would rush away hurriedly that she might not see his sorrow.

The end came at last. She had been growing weaker and weaker, too weak to leave her bed; and one day she asked Yves to go for the priest, to whom she was in the habit of confessing. When the priest left her he promised to return next day.

In the night Yves, who was watching beside her, saw that her eyes were fixed earnestly on his. He saw her lips move, and he bent forward. Liszen spoke in a whisper.

"I am going to leave you, my beloved." Yves fell on his knees beside the bed and clasped her hand. "Jesus spare her!" he said to himself. Liszen was his guardian angel, the rudder of his life. How could he give her up? He could not speak.

"Yves," she said, softly, "put your ear close to; will you make me a promise before I go?"

Yves burst into tears, and hid his face on the wasted hand he held.

"I will do what you bid me," he sobbed. "Oh, Liszen, do not go away."

"Yes — my darling, I am going," she smiled; but her voice was very feeble, it had sunk to a whisper. "You will take my body to Brittany and bury it by —"

Her voice stopped.

Yves was sobbing bitterly, but he fixed his eyes on the face of his dying wife.

"I promise," he said.

A bright smile shone on Liszen's face, and though the hand he held grew cold in his clasp, it seemed to Yves that life still lingered, and that the fingers strove to press his own.

But even while he gazed the brightness faded. Something went out of the wasted face. It was as if her marble image had taken the place of his loved Liszen.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALONE.

IT seemed to Yves that life was over for him. 'He had lived for Liszen. What could he do without her? he only cared to earn money for her sake; for her sake he had rejoiced in his new home, and for her he had striven to make it pleasant and comfortable; for Liszen's sake too he had looked forward to return to their childish haunts. What would the little seaport town be without her loving presence? it would only torment him by memories of past hopes.

Surely no one had been so sadly tried as he. How long he had waited for his happiness! and now, just when by hard, incessant toil he had begun to put by the beginning of what he hoped would be a fund for sickness and old age, his love was torn away from him. He found some comfort in the thought that he had not begun to lay by sooner—he had spent in comforts for Liszen little sums which his own hard earning had made him sometimes consider a robbery of the future. It was so very hard; Liszen had been so good and charitable that she had never sent a beggar from the door without an alms or some act of kindness. Why was her life cut short?

"I, too," Yves groaned. "What have I done? I am a sinner, but then we are all sinners. I have tried to do my duty. I have never made any one suffer by my fault."

He stopped, conscience-stricken. At the time of his marriage and for some time after the thought of Eileen had often flung a sudden cloud over his joy; but after a while, in his present happiness, the sweet Irish girl faded from his memory—and his mean opinion of his own merits had never led him to suspect the amount of suffering he had inflicted.

Some time after his arrival he ventured to ask his Edinburgh employer after the health of the Smith family; and when he heard that all were well, his conscience was quieted; but he resolved, as soon as he was able, to send back the money so generously furnished him by the clockmaker. He had never told the story to Liszen; she would have forgiven him at once, but he knew that she would not have forgiven herself for having been a bar to Eileen's happiness.

And now the thought of Eileen pressed heavily; he was her beloved then, and he left her. How much worse pain he had inflicted than God had sent him—for his

Liszen had loved him to the last, and there had been no sudden wrench to add bitterness to his sorrow.

But poor, poor Eileen; he had not only robbed her of his love, but he had proved to her that the love itself was a falsehood; that at the time she had thought him most fond, his heart had been full of another love. He shrank into himself, and covered his face with his hands. Why had he not seen all this sooner? He had been so selfishly given up to his own happiness that he had thought little of the grief of others; till the pangs of bereavement tortured his own heart, he had not realized their agony.

"And I can never—never atone for it," he said sadly to himself.

His morbid belief in destiny assured him that this was retribution, that his beloved was taken from him as a punishment for the sorrow he had brought on Eileen. And yet he shrank from the memory of this fond, loving girl; he felt that he could never look on her again, not even to ask her forgiveness; for in the midst of his sorrow he shuddered to think how nearly he had missed the perfect bliss of these seven years of marriage with Liszen.

But soon he roused himself from these reveries. He had no time to lose if he meant to carry out his dead darling's wishes; and he went off to consult his old employer as to the best means of carrying Liszen to her last home.

He found the old Scotch clockmaker full of kindly sympathy. At first he deprecated the project, and deplored the money that would have to be spent in what he considered a useless waste; but when he saw how sadly resolute the young man was to obey his wife's last wish, he gave Yves directions how to proceed, and offered to help him in his arrangements.

"It's sair, vera sair;" he shook his grey head. "And unco' strange the way in which joy and greeting meets thegither; but yester morn we were drinking a wee drappie to the health o' a bonny bride, an' noo the morn I have to think about your young wife's last journey. Eh, sirs, the ways o' Providence are not our ways. D'y'e mind Eileen Smith, Duroc?"

"Yes, sir—what of Eileen?" he asked, in his broken way.

"Why, laddie, she was married yesterday to ain fra' her own country, a well-to-do guid mon, but ower auld I'm thinkin' for sik a bright an' bonny lass; but she was unco' changed when I saw her last;

she has never been the same since her illness; I'm faint to think she's married."

Yves's face brightened.

"You have told me good news, Meester Macdonald. I thank you for it," he said earnestly. "Will you do one more kindness for me?"

His pathetic tone touched the clock-maker.

"Speak out, mon," he said; "let me hear what you're wantin'."

"Will you say to Eileen"—Yves's eyes were full of tears—"that Yves Duroc rejoices in her happiness more than he has words to tell?"

The Scotchman looked sharply at him, but Yves turned away.

"I will say farewell till this evening, my good friend," the Breton said, and he went.

The old man sat wondering. He remembered that the change in Eileen dated from a serious illness, and that her father had told him that this illness took place in the year of Yves's arrival in Edinburgh.

"And the laddie had spent the autumn in Bristol. Was it for love of Duroc, I wonder, she fell sick?" he pondered; "wha can say? Well, she's done better for herself. If her husband is a few years auld for her, he's a reet gude, kind mon, and he's got siller eno' and to spare for a wife and sax bairnies."

CHAPTER XV.

ONCE MORE TOGETHER.

THE evening was dark, a gale had risen; but though there was much movement in the vessel, Yves continued to pace the deck.

He was very desolate; he had turned his back on Edinburgh forever; and though he felt it would be impossible to live there without his wife, still it had been a severe wrench to leave the home where he had lived so happily with Liszen.

To provide the outlay needed to fulfil her last wish thus suddenly revealed, he found it necessary to sell some of his stock in trade. He therefore sold the whole, and giving up his house and all that it contained, he embarked, with the chest that carried his wife, on board a ship bound for the little seaport.

To-night, as he walked up and down the deck of the vessel, he was thinking of another night when he had also walked up and down with Liszen beside him, her hand resting on his heart, sure that she would be the guiding star of his future

life. In the dear delight of feeling that she was at last his own, that no stern poverty could keep them apart, he had almost conquered his regrets at leaving Brittany—the beloved land he had so longed to see again during his three years of wandering. Liszen's regret had been far stronger than his, it had preyed on her tender heart, and had perhaps helped to wear her life away. And now what was he going to do with the rest of his life? He did not know; he could not go back either to England or to Edinburgh. No, he would get enough employment to keep him alive in his native place, and he would stay near his Liszen, waiting till the bell sounded to call his soul to join hers in the shadowy land of which she had so often sung. The memory of her sweet voice brought back vividly the memory of the journey to Edinburgh. He had been so full of hope and joy, it seemed to him then that nothing could cloud his future; he would work, and Liszen would be always beside him—his joy and crown; and some day he would bring her back with their little ones to visit her mother's grave.

"And now," he said sadly, "what is the reality? I am coming back; already we are near Bréhat; very soon we may be in port. I have Liszen with me; I am bringing her home; but she is in her shroud, and I am taking her to her grave. I shall pass by the empty window where she sat waiting for me all through those weary days. I can do nothing for my darling now but plant flowers on her grave, and ask for masses for her soul."

He walked up and down—up and down the deck; his head sunk on his breast; he took no heed of the howling wind or of the angry waves, which rose higher and higher, and dashed heavily against thereaking ship.

All at once the captain came across the deck, and Yves met him face to face.

"Go below—the gale is rising fast," he said, though the wind blew his words away before they were spoken. "We cannot make the port to-night," he roared out; "we must keep out to sea, or we shall founder on the rocks in the bay."

But it was too late. As he spoke, the vessel seemed to be thrown up out of the water, and then as she righted herself, a huge wave swept over her; the mast cracked, the deck quivered and creaked from one end to the other, as though it were riven through.

Yves looked round him; he had clung to some rigging while the wave swept over

him, and had with difficulty saved himself from being carried away. The captain had rushed forward and stood beside the man at the helm; but Yves saw with horror that both wind and waves were driving the ship to land. All at once there was another violent shock, — another monstrous wave, and two of the sailors were swept overboard into the boiling, raging sea. There was a loud outcry; the ship refused to obey the stress laid on it: the mast, injured by the first shock, fell with a crash across the decks, and the mad ship seemed to be flying like a hunted bird nearer and nearer to the dreaded coast.

Even the captain, a hardy Breton, stood for a moment paralyzed by the danger; and still the ship flew on towards the brown rocks which grew each moment more distinct — the terrible rocks of that iron-bound coast.

Presently a hoarse voice sounded amid the din of headlong wind and water. It came from a heap of rigging which had been cut away from the fallen mast, and was close beside Yves.

"It is the corpse — it is the corpse that has raised the storm."

There was a pause, and then a deep murmur rose as in chorus to the warning, —

"Yes, it is the corpse; overboard with it, and we are saved."

"Silence! hands off," the captain shouted; no one but Yves listened to his voice, the sailors were maddened; if the storm could be lulled at once, they might escape the rocks.

"Overboard with it!"

They have rushed below, and soon they have dragged the chest in which Lissen lies from its holdfasts. As they reach the deck with their burden, Yves sees them, and he forces his way through the sailors who have kept him off till now.

"Leave go," he says, "this is my property; touch it if you dare."

They will not listen, and he is pushed roughly aside. "Overboard with it," they cry, "and the storm will cease."

But a superhuman strength comes to Yves; he forces a way through them all, he flings himself on the chest, and clasps it in his arms.

"It is my wife," he says, "whom you would cast into the sea; but if she goes there, I go with her; you shall not divide us."

The sailors try to drag him away; but he clings fast, and there is a prolonged struggle. While Yves still clings desper-

ately to the chest, a huge wave flings the vessel forward. There is a frightful crash, and then the sea pours in; the ship has parted asunder, the one-half of her founders instantly, but the brown rocks on which she has been driven, clasp the other half in a close embrace. . . .

Some half-drowned and shivering men cling wherever they can find a hold. They look fearfully at one another; they are but four. But where is the struggling group of sailors, and where is their passenger?

Yves Duroc and his loved treasure have disappeared in the furious, boiling waves.

Next morning, when some fisher-boats put off from the Isle Bréhat to see what had become of the little vessel, a part of her was found wedged between the rocks, and two or three of the crew, almost dead from exposure, were clinging near; but of Yves and Lissen there only remained the story of their love and death.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE UNITY OF NATURE.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

III.

ANIMAL INSTINCT IN ITS RELATION TO
THE MIND OF MAN.

THE dipper or water-ousel (*Cinclus aquaticus*) is well known to ornithologists as one of the most curious and interesting of British birds. Its special habitat is clear mountain streams. These it never leaves except to visit the lakes into which or from which they flow. Without the assistance of webbed feet, it has extraordinary powers of swimming and of diving — moving about upon and under the surface with more than the ease and dexterity of a fish — hunting along the bottom as if it had no power to float — floating on the top as if it had no power to sink — now diving where the stream is smooth, now where it is quick and broken, and suddenly reappearing perched on the summit of some projecting point. Its plumage is in perfect harmony with its haunts — dark, with a pure white breast, which looks exactly like one of the flashes of light so numerous in rapid streams, or one of the little balls of foam which loiter among the stones. Its very song is set to the music of rapid waters. From

the top of a bank one can often get quite close to it when it is singing, and the harmony of its notes with the tinkling of the stream is really curious. It sings, too, when all other birds but the robin are silent—when the stones on which it sits are circled and rimed with ice. No bird, perhaps, is more specially adapted to a very special home, and very peculiar habits of life. The same species, or other forms so closely similar as to seem mere varieties, are found in almost every country of the world where there are mountain streams. And yet it is a species having no very near affinity with any other bird, and it constitutes by itself a separate genus. It is therefore a species of great interest to the naturalist, and raises some of the most perplexing questions connected with the "origin of species."

In 1874 a pair of these birds built their nest at Inverary, in a hole in the wall of a small tunnel constructed to carry a rivulet under the walks of a pleasure-ground. The season was one of great drought, and the rivulet, during the whole time of incubation and of the growth of the young in the nest, was nearly entirely dry. One of the nestlings, when almost fully fledged, was taken out by the hand for examination, an operation which so alarmed the others that they darted out of the hole, and ran and fluttered down the tunnel towards its mouth. At that point a considerable pool of water had survived the drought, and lay in the paths of the fugitives. They did not at all appear to seek it; on the contrary, their flight seemed to be as aimless as that of any other fledgling would have been in the same predicament. But one of them stumbled into the pool. The effect was most curious. When the young bird touched the water, there was a moment of pause, as if the creature were surprised. Then instantly there seemed to wake within it the sense of its hereditary powers. Down it dived with all the facility of its parents, and the action of its wings under the water was a beautiful exhibition of the double adaptation to progression in two very different elements, which is peculiar to the wings of most of the diving birds. The young dipper was immediately lost to sight among some weeds, and so long did it remain under water, that I feared it must be drowned. But in due time it reappeared all right, and being recaptured, was replaced in the nest.

Later in the season, on a secluded lake in one of the Hebrides, I observed a dun-

dive, or female of the red-breasted merganser (*Mergus serrator*), with her brood of young ducklings. On giving chase in the boat, we soon found that the young, although not above a fortnight old, had such extraordinary powers of swimming and diving, that it was almost impossible to capture them. The distance they went under water, and the unexpected places in which they emerged, baffled all our efforts for a considerable time. At last one of the brood made for the shore, with the object of hiding among the grass and heather which fringed the margin of the lake. We pursued it as closely as we could, but when the little bird gained the shore, our boat was still about twenty yards off. Long drought had left a broad margin of small flat stones and mud between the water and the usual bank. I saw the little bird run about a couple of yards from the water and then suddenly disappear. Knowing what was likely to be enacted, I kept my eye fixed on the spot; and when the boat was run upon the beach, I proceeded to find and pick up the chick. But on reaching the place of disappearance, no sign of the young merganser was to be seen. The closest scrutiny, with the certain knowledge that it was there, failed to enable me to detect it. Proceeding cautiously forwards, I soon became convinced that I had already overshot the mark; and, on turning round, it was only to see the bird rise like an apparition from the stones, and dashing past the stranded boat, regain the lake, —where, having now recovered its wind, it instantly dived and disappeared. The tactical skill of the whole of this manœuvre, and the success with which it was executed, were greeted with loud cheers from the whole party; and our admiration was not diminished when we remembered that some two weeks before that time the little performer had been coiled up inside the shell of an egg, and that about a month before it was apparently nothing but a mass of albumen and of fatty oils.

The third case of animal instinct which I shall here mention was of a different but of an equally common kind. In walking along the side of a river with overhanging banks, I came suddenly on a common wild duck (*Anas boschus*), whose young were just out. Springing from under the bank, she fluttered out into the stream with loud cries and with all the struggles to escape of a helplessly wounded bird. To simulate the effects of suffering from disease, or from strong emotion, or from wounds upon the human

frame, is a common necessity of the actor's art, and it is not often really well done. The tricks of the theatre are seldom natural, and it is not without reason that "theatrical" has become a proverbial expression for false and artificial representations of the realities of life. It was therefore with no small interest that on this, as on many other occasions, I watched the perfection of an art which Mrs. Siddons might have envied. The labored and half-convulsive flapping of the wings, the wriggling of the body, the straining of the neck, and the whole expression of painful and abortive effort, were really admirable. When her struggles had carried her a considerable distance, and she saw that they produced no effect in tempting us to follow, she made resounding flaps upon the surface of the water, to secure that attention to herself which it was the great object of the manœuvre to attract. Then rising suddenly in the air, she made a great circle round us, and returning to the spot, renewed her endeavours as before. It was not, however, necessary; for the separate instinct of the young in successful hiding effectually baffled all my attempts to discover them.

Let us now look at the questions which these several exhibitions of animal instinct cannot fail to suggest; and first let us take the case of the young dipper. There was no possibility of imitation here. The rivulet beneath the nest, even if it had been visible to the nestlings, had been dry ever since they had been hatched. The river into which it ordinarily flowed was out of sight. The young dippers never could have seen the parent birds either swimming or diving. This, therefore, is one of the thousand cases which have driven the "experience" school of philosophy to take up new ground. The young dipper here cannot possibly have had any experience, either through the process of incipient effort, or through the process of sight and imitation. Nature is full of similar cases. In face of them it is now no longer denied that in all such cases "innate ideas" do exist, and that "pre-established harmonies" do prevail in nature. These old doctrines, so long ridiculed and denied, have come to be admitted, and the new philosophy is satisfied with attempts to explain how these "ideas" came to be innate, and how these harmonies came to be pre-established. The explanation is, that though the efficiency of experience as the cause or source of instinct must be given up as re-

gards the individual, we may keep it as regards the race to which the individual belongs. The powers of swimming and diving, and the impulse to use them for their appropriate purpose, were indeed innate in the little dipper of 1874. But then they were not innate in its remote progenitors. They were acquired by those progenitors through gradual effort—the trying leading to success, and the success again leading to more trying—both together leading first to special faculty, then to confirmed habit, and then, by hereditary transmission, to instinct, "organized in the race." Well, but even if this be true, was not the disposition of the progenitors to make the first efforts in the direction of swimming and diving, and were not the organs which enabled them to do so, as purely innate as the perfected instinct and the perfected organs of the dipper of to-day? Did there ever exist in any former period of the world what, so far as I know, does certainly not exist now—any animal with dispositions to enter on a new career, thought of and imagined for the first time by itself, unconnected with any organs already fitted for and appropriate to the purpose? Even the highest acquirements of the dog, under highly artificial conditions of existence, and under the guidance of persistent "interferences with nature," are nothing but the special education of original instincts. In the almost human caution of the old and well-trained pointer when approaching game, we see simply a development of the habit of all predatory animals to pause when close upon an unseen prey—a pause requisite to verify the intimations of smell by the sense of sight, and also for preparing the final spring. It is true that man "selects," but he can only select out of what is already there. The training and direction which he gives to the promptings of instinct may properly be described as the result of experience in the animal under instruction; and it is undoubtedly true that, within certain limits (which, however, are after all very narrow), these results do tend to become hereditary. But there is nothing really analogous in nature to the artificial processes of training to which man subjects the animals which are capable of domestication. Or if there be anything analogous—if animals by themselves can school themselves by gradual effort into the development of new powers—if the habits and powers which are now purely innate and instinctive were once less innate and more delib-

erate — then it will follow that the earlier faculties of animals have been the higher, and that the later faculties are the lower, in the scale of intelligence. This is hardly consistent with the idea of evolution, — which is founded on the conception of an unfolding or development from the lower to the higher, from the simple to the complex, from the instinctive to the rational. My own belief is, that whatever of truth there is in the doctrine of evolution is to be found in this conception, which, so far as we can see, does seem to be embodied in the history of organic life. I can therefore see no light in this new explanation to account for the existence of instincts which are certainly antecedent to all individual experience — the explanation, namely, that they are due to the experience of progenitors "organized in the race." It involves assumptions contrary to the analogies of nature, and at variance with the fundamental facts, which are the best, and indeed the only, basis of the theory of evolution. There is no probability — there is hardly any plausibility — in the supposition that experience has had, in past times, some connection with instinct which it has ceased to have in the present day. The uniformity of nature has, indeed, often been asserted in a sense in which it is not true, and used in support of arguments which it will not sustain. All things have certainly not continued as they are since the beginning. There was a time when animal life, and with it animal instincts, began to be. But we have no reason whatever to suppose that the nature of instinct then or since has ever been different from its nature now. On the contrary, as we have in existing nature examples of it in infinite variety, from the very lowest to the very highest forms of organization, and as the same phenomena are everywhere repeated, we have the best reason to conclude that, in the past, animal instinct has ever been what we now see it to be — congenital, innate, and wholly independent of experience.

And, indeed, when we come to think about it, we shall find that the theory of experience assumes the pre-existence of the very powers for which it professes to account. The very lowest of the faculties by which experience is acquired is the faculty of imitation. But the desire to imitate must be as instinctive as the organs are hereditary by which imitation is effected. Then follow in their order all the higher faculties by which the lessons of experience are put together — so that

what has been in the past is made the basis of anticipation as to what will be in the future. This is the essential process by which experience is acquired, and every step in that process assumes the pre-existence of mental tendencies and of mental powers which are purely instinctive and innate. To account for instinct by experience is nothing but an Irish bull. It denies the existence of things which are nevertheless assumed in the very terms of the denial: it elevates into a cause that which must in its nature be a consequence, and a consequence, too, of the very cause which is denied. Congenital instincts, and hereditary powers, and pre-established harmonies are the origin of all experience, and without them no one step in experience could ever be gained. The questions raised when a young dipper, which had never before even seen water, dives and swims with perfect ease, are questions which the theory of organized experience does not even tend to solve; on the contrary, it is a theory which leaves those questions precisely where they were, except in so far as it may tend to obscure them by obvious confusions of thought.

Passing now from explanations which explain nothing, is there any light in the theory that animals are "automata"? Was my little dipper a diving machine? It seems to me that there is at least a glimmer shining through this idea — a glimmer as of a real light struggling through a thick fog. The fog arises out of the mists of language — the confounding and confusion of meanings literal with meanings metaphorical — the mistaking of partial for complete analogies. "Machine" is the word by which we designate those combinations of mechanical force which are contrived and put together by man to do certain things. One essential characteristic of them is that they belong to the world of the not-living; they are destitute of that which we know as life, and of all the attributes by which it is distinguished. Machines have no sensibility. When we say of anything that it has been done by a machine, we mean that it has been done by something which is not alive. In this literal signification it is therefore pure nonsense to say that anything living is a machine. It is simply a misapplication of language, to the extent of calling one thing by the name of another thing, and that other so different as to be its opposite or contradictory. There can be no reasoning, no clearing up of truth, unless we keep definite words for

definite ideas. Or if the idea to which a given word has been appropriated be a complex idea, and we desire to deal with one element only of the meaning, separated from the rest, then, indeed, we may continue to use the word for this selected portion of its meaning, provided always that we bear in mind what it is that we are doing. This may be, and often is, a necessary operation, for language is not rich enough to furnish separate words for all the complex elements which enter into ideas apparently very simple; and so of this word, machine, there is an element in its meaning which is always very important, which in common language is often predominant, and which we may legitimately choose to make exclusive of every other. This essential element in our idea of a machine is that its powers, whatever they may be, are derived, and not original. There may be great knowledge in the work done by a machine, but the knowledge is not in it. There may be great skill, but the skill is not in it; great foresight, but the foresight is not in it; in short, great exhibition of all the powers of mind, but the mind is not in the machine itself. Whatever it does, is done in virtue of its construction, which construction is due to a mind which has designed it for the exhibition of certain powers and the performance of certain functions. These may be very simple, or they may be very complicated, but whether simple or complicated, the whole play of its operations is limited and measured by the intentions of its constructor. If that constructor be himself limited, either in opportunity, or knowledge, or in power, there will be a corresponding limitation in the things which he invents and makes. Accordingly, in regard to man, he cannot make a machine which has any of the gifts and the powers of life. He can construct nothing which has sensibility or consciousness, or any other of even the lowest attributes of living creatures. And this absolute destitution of even apparent originality in a machine — this entire absence of any share of consciousness, or of sensibility, or of will — is one part of our very conception of it. But that other part of our conception of a machine, which consists in its relation to a contriver and constructor, is equally essential, and may, if we choose, be separated from the rest, and may be taken as representative of the whole. If, then, there be any agency in nature, or outside of it, which can contrive and build up structures endowed with the gifts of life, structures which

shall not only digest, but which shall also feel and see, which shall be sensible of enjoyment from things conducive to their welfare, and of alarm on account of things which are dangerous to the same — then such structures have the same relation to that agency which machines have to man, and in this aspect it may be a legitimate figure of speech to call them living machines. What these machines do is different in kind from the things which human machines do; but both are alike in this — that whatever they do is done in virtue of their construction, and of the powers which have been given to them by the mind which made them.

Applying now this idea of a machine to the phenomena exhibited by the young dipper, its complete applicability cannot be denied. In the first place, the young dipper had a physical structure adapted to diving. Its feathers were of a texture to throw off water, and the shower of pearly drops which ran off it, when it emerged from its first plunge, showed in a moment how different it was from other fledglings in its imperviousness to wet. Water appeared to be its "native element" precisely in the same sense in which it is said to be the native element of a ship which has been built high in air, and of the not very watery materials of wood and iron. Water, which it had never seen before, seemed to be the native element of the little bird in this sense, that it was so constructed as to be and to feel at home in it at once. Its "lines" had been laid down for progression both in air and water. It was launched with a motive power complete within itself, and with promptings sufficient for the driving of its own machinery. For the physical adaptation was obviously united with mental powers and qualities which partook of the same preadjusted harmony. These were as congenital as the texture of its feathers or the structure of its wing. Its terror arose on seeing the proper objects of fear, although they had never been seen before, and no experience of injury had arisen. This terror prompted it to the proper methods of escape, and the knowledge how to use its faculties for this object was as intuitive as the apparatus for effecting it was hereditary. In this sense the dipper was a living, breathing, seeing, fearing, and diving machine — ready made for all these purposes from the nest — as some other birds are even from their first exclusion from the egg.

The case of the young merganser is still more curious and instructive with

reference to the same questions. The young of all the *Anatidae* are born, like the gallinaceous birds, not naked or blind, as most others are, but completely equipped with a feathery down, and able to swim or dive as soon as they see the light. Moreover, the young of the merganser have the benefit of seeing from the first the parent bird performing these operations, so that imitation may have some part in developing the perfection with which they are executed by the young. But the particular manœuvre resorted to by the young bird which baffled our pursuit was a manœuvre in which it could have had no instruction from example—the manœuvre, namely, which consists in hiding not under any cover, but by remaining perfectly motionless on the ground. This is a method of escape which cannot be resorted to successfully except by birds whose coloring is adapted to the purpose by a close assimilation with the coloring of surrounding objects. The old bird would not have been concealed on the same ground, and would never itself resort to the same method of escape. The young, therefore, cannot have been instructed in it by the method of example. But the small size of the chick, together with its obscure and curiously mottled coloring, are specially adapted to this mode of concealment. The young of all birds which breed upon the ground are provided with a garment in such perfect harmony with surrounding effects of light as to render this manœuvre easy. It depends, however, wholly for its success upon absolute stillness. The slightest motion at once attracts the eye of any enemy which is searching for the young. And this absolute stillness must be preserved amidst all the emotions of fear and terror which the close approach of the object of alarm must, and obviously does, inspire. Whence comes this splendid, even if it be unconscious, faith in the sufficiency of a defence which it must require such nerve and strength of will to practise? No movement, not even the slightest, though the enemy should seem about to trample on it; such is the terrible requirement of nature—and by the child of nature implicitly obeyed! Here, again, beyond all question, we have an instinct as much born with the creature as the harmonious tinting of its plumage—the external furnishing being inseparably united with the internal furnishing of mind which enables the little creature in very truth to "walk by faith and not by sight." Is this automatonism? Is this

machinery? Yes, undoubtedly in the sense explained before—that the instinct has been given to the bird in precisely the same sense in which its structure has been given to it—so that anterior to all experience, and without the aid of instruction or of example, it is inspired to act in this manner on the appropriate occasion arising.

Then, in the case of the wild duck, we rise to a yet higher form of instinct, and to more complicated adaptations of congenital powers to the contingencies of the external world. It is not really conceivable that wild ducks have commonly many opportunities of studying each other's action when rendered helpless by wounds. Nor is it conceivable that such study can have been deliberately made even when opportunities do occur. When one out of a flock is wounded all the others make haste to escape, and it is certain that this trick of imitated helplessness is practised by individual birds which can never have had any such opportunities at all. Moreover, there is one very remarkable circumstance connected with this instinct, which marks how much of knowledge and of reasoning is implicitly contained within it. As against man the manœuvre is not only useless, but it is injurious. When a man sees a bird resorting to this imitation, he may be deceived for a moment, as I have myself been; but his knowledge and experience and his reasoning faculty soon tell him from a combination of circumstances that it is merely the usual deception. To man, therefore, it has the opposite effect of revealing the proximity of the young brood, which would not otherwise be known. I have repeatedly been led by it to the discovery of the chicks. Now, the most curious fact of all is that this distinction between man and other predacious animals is recognized and reflected in the instinct of birds. The manœuvre of counterfeiting helplessness is very rarely resorted to except when a dog is present. Dogs are almost uniformly deceived by it. They never can resist the temptation presented by a bird which flutters apparently helpless just in front of their nose. It is, therefore, almost always successful in drawing them off, and so rescuing the young from danger. But it is the sense of smell, not the sense of sight, which makes dogs so specially dangerous. The instinct which has been given to birds seems to cover and include the knowledge that as the sense of smell does not exist to the like effect in man, the mere concealment of

the young from sight is ordinarily, as regards him, sufficient for their protection ; and yet I have on one occasion seen the trick resorted to when man only was the source of danger, and this by a species of bird which does not habitually practise it, and which can have had neither individual nor ancestral experience. This was the case of a blackcap (*Sylvia atricapilla*), which fell to the ground, as if wounded, from a bush, in order to distract attention from its nest.

If now we examine, in the light of our own reason, all the elements of knowledge or of intellectual perception upon which the instinct of the wild duck is founded, and all of which, as existing somewhere, it undoubtedly reflects, we shall soon see how various and extensive these elements of knowledge are. First, there is the knowledge that the cause of the alarm is a carnivorous animal. On this fundamental point no creature is ever deceived. The youngest chick knows a hawk, and the dreadful form fills it with instant terror. Next, there is the knowledge that dogs and other carnivorous quadrupeds have the sense of smell, as an additional element of danger to the creatures on which they prey. Next, there is the knowledge that the dog, not being itself a flying animal, has sense enough not to attempt the pursuit of prey which can avail itself of this sure and easy method of escape. Next, there is the conclusion from all this knowledge, that if the dog is to be induced to chase, it must be led to suppose that the power of flight has been somehow lost. And then there is the further conclusion, that this can only be done by such an accurate imitation of a disabled bird as shall deceive the enemy into a belief in the possibility of capture. And lastly, there are all the powers of memory and the qualities of imagination which enable good acting to be performed. All this reasoning and all this knowledge are certainly involved in the action of the bird-mother, just as certainly as reasoning and knowledge of a much profounder kind are involved in the structure or adjustment of the organic machinery by which and through which the action is itself performed.

There is unquestionably a sense, and a very important sense, in which all these wonderful operations of instinct are "automatic." The intimate knowledge of physical and of physiological laws — the knowledge even of the mental qualities and dispositions of other animals — and the processes of reasoning by which ad-

vantage is taken of these, — this knowledge and this reasoning cannot, without manifest absurdity, be attributed to the birds themselves. This is admitted at least as regards the birds of the present day. But surely the absurdity is quite as great if this knowledge and reasoning, or any part of it, be attributed to birds of a former generation. In the past history of the species there may have been change — there may have been development. But there is not the smallest reason to believe that the progenitors of any bird or of any beast, however different in form, have ever founded on deliberate effort the instincts of their descendants. All the knowledge and all the resource of mind which is involved in these instincts is a reflection of some agency which is outside the creatures which exhibit them. In this respect it may be said with truth that they are machines. But then they are machines with this peculiarity, that they not only reflect, but also in various measures and degrees partake of, the attributes of mind. It is always by some one or other of these attributes that they are guided — by fear, or by desire, or by affection, or by mental impulses which go straight to the results of reasoning without its processes. That all these mental attributes are connected with a physical organism which is constructed on mechanical principles, is not a matter of speculation. It is an obvious and acknowledged fact. The question is not whether, in this sense, animals are machines, but whether the work which has been assigned to them does or does not partake in various measures and degrees of the various qualities which we recognize in ourselves as the qualities of sensation, of consciousness, and of will.

On this matter it seems clear to me that Professor Huxley has seriously misconceived the doctrine of Descartes. It is true that he quotes a passage as representing the view of "orthodox Cartesians," in which it is asserted that animals "eat without pleasure and cry without pain," and that they "desire" nothing as well as "know" nothing. But this passage is quoted, not from Descartes, but from Malebranche. Malebranche was a great man; but on this subject he was the disciple and not the master; and it seems almost a law that no utterance of original genius can long escape the fate of being travestied and turned to nonsense by those who take it up at second hand. Descartes' letter to Moore of the 5th February, 1649, proves conclusively that he fully

recognized in the lower animals the existence of all the affections of mind except "thought" (*la pensée*), or reason properly so called. He ascribes to them the mental emotions of fear, of anger, and of desire, as well as all the sensations of pleasure and of pain. What he means by thought is clearly indicated in the passage in which he points to language as the peculiar product and the sole index of thought—language, of course, taken in its broadest sense, signifying any system of signs by which general or abstract ideas are expressed and communicated. This, as Descartes truly says, is never wanting even in the lowest of men, and is never present in the highest of the brutes. But he distinctly says that the lower animals, having the same organs of sight, of hearing, of taste, etc., with ourselves, have also the same sensations, as well as the same affections of anger, of fear, and of desire—affections which, being mental, he ascribes to a lower kind or class of soul, an "*ame corporelle*." Descartes, therefore, was not guilty of confounding the two elements of meaning which are involved in the word machine—that element which attaches to all machines made by man as consisting of dead, non-sentient matter, and that other element of meaning which may be legitimately attached to structures which have been made, not to simulate, but really to possess all the essential properties of life. "Il faut pourtant remarquer," says Descartes emphatically, "que je parle de la pensée, non de la vie, ou de sentiment."*

The experiments quoted by Professor Huxley and by other physiologists, on the phenomena of vivisection, cannot alter or modify the general conclusions which have long been reached on the unquestionable connection between all the functions of life and the mechanism of the body. The question remains whether the ascertainment of this connection in its details can alter our conceptions of what life and sensation are. No light is thrown on this question by cutting out from an organism certain parts of the machinery which are known to be the seat of consciousness, and then finding that the animal is still capable of certain movements which are usually indicative of sensation and of purpose. Surely the reasoning is bad which argues that because a given movement goes on after the animal has been mutilated, this movement must there-

fore continue to possess all the same elements of character which accompanied it when the animal was complete. The character of purpose in one sense or another belongs to all organic movements whatever—to those which are independent of conscious sensation, or of the will, as well as to those which are voluntary and intentional. The only difference between the two classes of movement is, that in the case of one of them the purpose is wholly outside the animal, and that in the case of the other class of movement the animal has faculties which make it, however indirectly, a conscious participant or agent in the purpose, or in some part of the purpose, to be subserved. The action of the heart in animals is as certainly "purposive" in its character as the act of eating and deglutition. In the one the animal is wholly passive—has no sensation, no consciousness, however dim. In the other movement the animal is an active agent, is impelled to it by desires which are mental affections, and receives from it the appropriate pleasure which belongs to consciousness and sensation. These powers themselves, however, depend, each of them, on certain bits and parts of the animal mechanism; and if these parts can be separately injured or destroyed, it is intelligible enough that consciousness and sensation may be severed for a time from the movements which they ordinarily accompany and direct. The success of such an experiment may teach us much on the details of a general truth which has long been known—that conscious sensation is, so far as our experience goes, inseparably dependent upon the mechanism of an organic structure. But it cannot in the slightest degree change or modify our conception of what conscious sensation in itself is. It is mechanical exactly in the same sense in which we have long known it to be so—that is to say, it is the result of life working in and through a structure which has been made to exhibit and embody its peculiar gifts and powers.

Considering now that the body of man is one in structure with the body of all vertebrate animals—considering that, as we rise from the lowest of these to him who is the highest, we see this same structure elaborated into closer and closer likeness, until every part corresponds, bone to bone, tissue to tissue, organ to organ—I cannot doubt that man is a machine, precisely in the same sense in which animals are machines. If it is no contradiction in terms to speak of a ma-

* *Oeuvres de Descartes*, Cousin, vol. x., p. 205, et seq.

chine which has been made to feel and to see, and to hear and to desire, neither need there be any contradiction in terms in speaking of a machine which has been made to think, and to reflect, and to reason. These are, indeed, powers so much higher than the others that they may be considered as different in kind. But this difference, however great it may be, whether we look at it in its practical results, or as a question of classification, is certainly not a difference which throws any doubt upon the fact that all these higher powers are, equally with the lowest, dependent in this world on special arrangements in a material organism. It seems to me that the very fact of the question being raised whether man can be called a machine in the same sense as that in which alone the lower animals can properly be so described, is a proof that the questioner believes the lower animals to be machines in a sense in which it is not true. Such manifestations of mental attributes as they display are the true and veritable index of powers which are really by them possessed and enjoyed. The notion that, because these powers depend on an organic apparatus, they are therefore not what they seem to be, is a mere confusion of thought. On the other hand, when this comes to be thoroughly understood, the notion that man's peculiar powers are lowered and dishonored when they are conceived to stand in any similar relation to the body must be equally abandoned, as partaking of the same fallacy. If the sensation of pleasure and of pain, and the more purely mental manifestations of fear and of affection, have in the lower animals some inseparable connection with an organic apparatus, I do not see why we should be jealous of admitting that the still higher powers of self-consciousness and reason have in man a similar connection with the same kind of mechanism. The nature of this connection in itself is equally mysterious, and, indeed, inconceivable in either case. As a matter of fact, we have precisely the same evidence as to both. If painful and pleasurable emotions can be destroyed by the cutting of a nerve, so also can the powers of memory and of reason be destroyed by any injury or disease which affects some bits of the substance of the brain. If, however, the fact of this mysterious connection be so interpreted as to make us alter our conceptions of what self-consciousness, and reason, and all mental manifestations in themselves are, then indeed we may well be jeal-

ous—not of the facts, but of the illogical use which is often made of them. Self-consciousness and reason and affection, and fear and pain and pleasure, are in themselves exactly what we have always known them to be; and no discovery as to the physical apparatus with which they are somehow connected can throw the smallest obscurity on the criteria by which they are to be identified as so many different phenomena of mind. Our old knowledge of the work done is in no way altered by any new information as to the apparatus by which it is effected. This is the error committed by those who think they can find a new psychology on the knife. They seem to think that sensation and memory, and reasoning and will, become something different from that which hitherto we have known them to be, when we have found out that each of these powers may have some special "seat" or "organ" in the body. This, however, is a pure delusion. The known element in psychology is always the nature of the mental faculty; the unknown element is always the nature of its connection with any organ. We know the operations of our own minds with a fulness and reality which does not belong to any other knowledge whatever. We do not know the bond of union between these operations and the brain, except as a sort of external and wholly unintelligible fact. Remembering all this, then, we need not fear or shrink from the admission that man is a reasoning and self-conscious machine, just in the same sense in which the lower animals are machines which have been made to exhibit and possess certain mental faculties of a lower class.

But what of this? What is the value of this conclusion? Its value would be small indeed if this conception of ourselves as machines could be defended only as a harmless metaphor. But there is far more to be said for it and about it than this. The conception is one which is not only harmless, but profoundly true, as all metaphors are when they are securely rooted in the homologies of nature. There is much to be learnt from that aspect of mind in which we regard its powers as intimately connected with a material apparatus, and from that aspect of our own bodies in which they are regarded as one in structure with the bodies of the brutes. Surely it would be a strange object of ambition to try to think that we are not included in the vast system of adjustment which we have thus

traced in them; that our nobler faculties have no share in the secure and wonderful guarantee which it affords for the truthfulness of all mental gifts. It is well that we should place a high estimate on the superiority of the powers which we possess; and that the distinction, with all its consequences, between self-conscious reason and the comparatively simple perceptions of the beasts, should be ever kept in view. But it is not well that we should omit from that estimate a common element of immense importance which belongs to both, and the value of which becomes immeasurably greater in its connection with our special gifts. That element is the element of adjustment—the element which suggests the idea of an apparatus—the element which constitutes all our higher faculties the index and the result of a preadjusted harmony. In the light of this conception we can see a new meaning in our “place in nature;” that place which, so far as our bodily organs are concerned, assigns to us simply a front rank among the creatures which are endowed with life. It is in virtue of that place and association that we may be best assured that our special gifts have the same relation to the higher realities of nature which the lower faculties of the beasts have to the lower realities of the physical world. Whatever we have that is peculiar to ourselves is built up on the same firm foundation on which all animal instinct rests. It is often said that we can never really know what unreasoning instinct is, because we can never enter into an animal mind, and see what is working there. Men are so apt to be arrogant in philosophy that it seems almost wrong to deprecate even any semblance of the consciousness of ignorance. But it were much to be desired that the modesty of philosophers would come in the right places. I hold that we can know, and can almost thoroughly understand the instincts of the lower animals; and this for the best of all reasons, that we are ourselves animals, whatever more; having, to a large extent, precisely the same instincts, with the additional power of looking down upon ourselves in this capacity from a higher elevation to which we can ascend at will. Not only are our bodily functions precisely similar to those of the lower animals,—some, like the beating of the heart, being purely “automatic” or involuntary, others being partially, and others again being wholly, under the control of the will,—but many of our sensations

and emotions are obviously the same with the sensations and emotions of the lower animals, connected with precisely the same machinery, presenting precisely the same phenomena, and recognizable by all the same criteria.

It is true that many of our actions become instinctive and mechanical only as the result of a previous intellectual operation of the self-conscious or reasoning kind. And this, no doubt, is the origin of the dream that all instinct, even in the animals, has had the same origin; a dream due to the exaggerated “anthropomorphism” of those very philosophers who are most apt to denounce this source of error in others. But man has many instincts like the animals, to which no such origin in personal experience or in previous reasoning can be assigned. For not only in earliest infancy, but throughout life, we do innumerable things to which we are led by purely organic impulse; things which have indeed a reason and a use, but a reason which we never know, and a use which we never discern, till we come to “think.” And how different this process of “thinking” is we know likewise from our own experience. In contemplating the phenomena of reasoning and of conscious deliberation, it really seems as if it were impossible to sever it from the idea of a double personality. Tennyson’s poem of the “Two Voices” is no poetic exaggeration of the duality of which we are conscious when we attend to the mental operations of our own most complex nature. It is as if there were within us one being always receptive of suggestions, and always responding in the form of impulse, and another being capable of passing these suggestions in review before it, and of allowing or disallowing the impulses to which they give rise. There is a profound difference between creatures in which one only of these voices speaks, and man, whose ears are, as it were, open to them both. The things which we do in obedience to the lower and simpler voice are indeed many, various, and full of a true and wonderful significance. But the things which we do and the affections which we cherish, in obedience to the higher voice have a rank, a meaning, and a scope which is all their own. There is no indication in the lower animals of this double personality. They hear no voice but one; and the whole law of their being is perfectly fulfilled in following it. This it is which gives its restfulness to nature, whose abodes are indeed what Wordsworth calls them—

Abodes where self-disturbance hath no part. On the other hand, the double personality, the presence of "Two Voices," is never wholly wanting even in the most degraded of human beings — their thoughts everywhere "accusing or else excusing one another."

Knowing, therefore, in ourselves both these kinds of operation, we can measure the difference between them, and we can thoroughly understand how animals may be able to do all that they actually perform, without ever passing through the processes of augmentation by which we reach the conclusions of conscious reason and of moral obligation. Moreover, seeing and feeling the difference, we can see and feel the relations which obtain between the two classes of mental work. The plain truth is, that the higher and more complicated work is done, and can only be done in this life, with the material supplied by the lower and simpler tools. Nay, more, the very highest and most aspiring mental processes rest upon the lower, as a building rests upon its foundation stones. They are like the rude but massive substructions from which some great temple springs. Not only is the impulse, the disposition, and the ability to reason as purely intuitive and congenital in man as the disposition to eat, but the fundamental axioms on which all reasoning rests are, and can only be, intuitively perceived. This, indeed, is the essential character of all the axioms or self-evident propositions which are the basis of reasoning, that the truth of them is perceived by an act of apprehension, which, if it depends on any process, depends on a process unconscious, involuntary, and purely automatic. But this is the definition, the only definition, of instinct or intuition. All conscious reasoning thus starts from the data which this great faculty supplies; and all our trust and confidence in the results of reasoning must depend on our trust and confidence in the adjusted harmony which has been established between instinct and the truths of nature. Not only is the idea of mechanism consistent with this confidence, but it is inseparable from it. No firmer ground for that confidence can be given us in thought than this conception, — that as the eye of sense is a mechanism specially adjusted to receive the light of heaven, so is the mental eye a mechanism specially adjusted to perceive those realities which are in the nature of necessary and eternal truth. Moreover, the same conception helps us to understand the real nature of

those limitations upon our faculties which curtail their range, and which yet, in a sense, we may be said partially to over-pass in the very act of becoming conscious of them. We see it to be a great law prevailing in the instincts of the lower animals, and in our own, that they are true not only as guiding the animal rightly to the satisfaction of whatever appetite is immediately concerned, but true also as ministering to ends of which the animal knows nothing, although they are ends of the highest importance, both in its own economy and in the far-off economies of creation. In direct proportion as our own minds and intellects partake of the same nature, and are founded on the same principle of adjustment, we may feel assured that the same law prevails in their nobler work and functions. And the glorious law is no less than this — that the work of instinct is true not only for the short way it goes, but for that infinite distance into which it leads in a true direction.

I know no argument better fitted than this to dispel the sickly dreams, the morbid misgivings, of the agnostic. Nor do I know of any other conception as securely founded on science, properly so called, which better serves to render intelligible and to bring within the familiar analogies of nature those higher and rarer mental gifts which we know as genius, and even that highest and rarest of all which we understand as inspiration. That the human mind is always in some degree, and that certain individual minds have been in a special degree, reflecting surfaces, as it were, for the verities of the unseen and eternal world, is a conception having all the characters of coherence which assure us of its harmony with the general constitution and the common course of things.

And so this doctrine of animal automatism — the notion that the mind of man is indeed a structure and a mechanism — a notion which is held over our heads as a terror and a doubt — becomes, when closely scrutinized, the most comforting and reassuring of all conceptions. No stronger assurance can be given us that our faculties, when rightly used, are powers on which we can indeed rely. It reveals what may be called the strong physical foundations on which the truthfulness of reason rests. And more than this — it clothes with the like character of trustworthiness every instinctive and intuitive affection of the human soul. It roots the reasonableness of faith in our

conviction of the unities of nature. It tells us that as we know the instincts of the lower animals to be the index and the result of laws which are out of sight to them, so also have our own higher instincts the same relation to truths which are of corresponding dignity and of corresponding scope.

Nor can this conception of the mind of man being connected with an adjusted mechanism cast, as has been suggested, any doubt on the freedom of the will,—such as by the direct evidence of consciousness we know that freedom to be. This suggestion is simply a repetition of the same inveterate confusion of thought which has been exposed before. The question what our powers are is in no way affected by the admission or discovery that they are all connected with an apparatus. Consciousness does not tell us that we stand unrelated to the system of things of which we form a part. We dream—or rather we simply rave—if we think we are free to choose among things which are not presented to our choice, or if we think that choice itself can be free from motives, or if we think that we can find any motive outside the number of those to which by the structure of our minds and of its organ we have been made accessible. The only freedom of which we are really conscious is freedom from compulsion in choosing among things which are presented to our choice,—consciousness also attesting the fact that among those things some are coincident, and some are not coincident, with acknowledged obligation. This, and all other direct perceptions, are not weakened but confirmed by the doctrine that our minds are connected with an adjusted mechanism. Because the first result of this conception is to establish the evidence of consciousness when given under healthy conditions, and when properly ascertained, as necessarily the best and the nearest representation of the truth. This it does in recognizing ourselves, and all the faculties we possess, to be nothing but the result and index of an adjustment contrived by and reflecting the mind which is supreme in nature. We are derived and not original. We have been created, or—if any one likes the phrase better—we have been “evolved;” not, however, out of nothing, nor out of confusion, nor out of lies, but out of “nature,” which is but a word for the sum of all existence—the source of all order, and the very ground of all truth—the fountain in which all fulness dwells.

From All The Year Round.

VISITED ON THE CHILDREN.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT CHADLEIGH END THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

“THANK you for taking so much trouble about me, but I am really not hurt at all, and I was very silly to be so frightened,” Sybil repeated. “I was trespassing in coming across here at all, or it couldn’t have occurred.”

“Then that partly accounts for my carelessness. I have rented Farmer Dyson’s shooting for this week, and before starting for the upland fields this afternoon, he mentioned that I should find all the gates padlocked, for he never allowed any right of way across them; so that the last thing I expected to find in the line of my fire was a young lady.”

“I know.” Sybil was still blushing very deeply, and by this time was very anxious to escape. She had no idea of how lovely she was looking just then, with that pretty rose-color in her cheeks, and the teardrops still glittering on her long eyelashes; but she felt rather than saw the deepening admiration in the gaze still bent on her, and it embarrassed her. “But I wanted to take a short cut across, and there was a gap in the hedge. I had better go back now.”

“Had you not better wait a little first? I am sure you are not able to walk yet,” the young man suggested. He was as anxious to keep this shy, dainty maiden, whose trembling little hands had felt so soft and tiny in his grasp a moment back, as she was to escape, and inwardly blessed the accident which had brought him to her side; but Sybil had delayed too long already not to feel that she had sinned against her mother’s strict canons of propriety.

“Thank you,” she answered, trying to speak with her usual maidenly dignity. “But I am quite well now, and it is getting late already. I must make haste home. Good evening.”

She gave him a gentle little bow as she spoke, and turned to leave him; but Gareth was not used to being put on one side so lightly by one of the fairer sex, and, before she knew he was following her, he was at her side again, his hat in his hand, and his handsome face looking handsomer than ever with the breeze stirring the short curly locks about his brow.

"Excuse me," he said earnestly, yet with a studious courtesy, not to say reverence of manner, with which it would have been hard to quarrel. "I know I am taking a liberty; but you have had a severe shock, and I really do not think you are fit to walk alone so soon afterwards. Will you not allow me to accompany you, part of the way at any rate? If you were to faint —"

"Oh, but there is no fear of that," Sybil answered, smiling. She could not help smiling because he was so kind and handsome, and looked so very sorry and concerned for her; but having done so she became more eager than ever to take to flight. What if he were to persist, and mamma saw her arrive at home with a young man, a strange young man, at her side? The idea was too dreadful! "I never fainted in my life, and I would rather go home alone, much rather. It is only a little distance. Good evening." And then she turned away again, and this time so resolutely that Gareth saw she was in earnest, and that it would be ungentlemanly to persist. Yet as he stood there, watching the slender, blue figure growing smaller in the distance, a frown came on his brow, and he bit his lips, muttering discontentedly, —

"She needn't have been in such a hurry to run away; I shouldn't have eaten her! What a sweet little face, though, and a perfect lady! If it wasn't for that I'd go after her even now. Lots of girls would like nothing better; but I fancy she was in earnest, and somehow I shouldn't like to vex her. Dear little thing, how pretty she looked with her eyes full of tears! I wonder if she guessed how much I would have liked to kiss them away!"

There was no sign of them when Sybil reached Hillbrown and entered the drawing-room where her mother and sister were seated, nor did she make any mention of her adventure. Mrs. Dysart suffered from a weak heart, which, indeed, was the chief cause of her always being more or less an invalid, and her daughters were always careful not to bring on an attack by any startling or unpleasant tidings. It was a relief to Sybil to be able to explain her late appearance by its original cause.

"Poor Granny Smith was worse, mamma. She could hardly swallow the soup you sent her, and there was no one with her, so I really did not like to come away till her daughter came in from the harvest-field. I thought you would not be vexed."

Mrs. Dysart smiled.

"On the contrary, dear, you were quite right; though I was getting very anxious, for it was such a stormy sunset, and I was afraid you had not an umbrella."

"But I wish you had come in sooner, Sybil," cried Jenny eagerly, — she had sat down on the floor to unbutton her sister's boots, as the latter, tired with her long walk, threw herself back in an easy-chair, — "for you have missed two events; and there are so few events in every day that it is too bad not to be in the way of them when they come."

"That depends on whether they were pleasant," said Sybil. "What were these?"

"Well, first," Jenny answered slowly, and looking up in her sister's face with a half-shy glance, "first, Lion Ashleigh called."

Sybil's face grew pink all over in a moment. Hers was one of those colors which come and go very easily, and the process was very becoming to her; but she was exceedingly annoyed at it herself, and resented it on this occasion by sitting upright, and saying a little sharply, "Lion Ashleigh! You don't call that an event, do you, Jenny? Why, how often has he called before; and how many millions of times do you think he may call again?"

"Yes; but not this time," Jenny persisted, in her quaint, grave way; "and one can never feel sure about the others. They mayn't come at all, you know. Besides, I was sorry, because I could see how disappointed he was at not finding you. He kept looking at the door, and answering mamma all at random, and he would only take one cup of tea; while when you —"

"Jenny, dear," said Mrs. Dysart's soft voice, "give me my scissors. Thanks. Who is answering at random now? Why, you are chattering so fast you haven't even told Sybil your other event yet."

It was said in the gentlest tone, but somehow Sybil felt relieved and her sister subdued. The second piece of information did not come with half the zest of the first.

"Adelaide Ashleigh says the Tennis Club has decided to give a ball at Epsom at the close of the playing season, and her mother has been asked to be one of the lady patronesses. It is to be quite a grand affair. Oh dear! I wish I were old enough to go. I suppose you will, if the Ashleighs do?"

"You will be old quite soon enough, my dear," said Mrs. Dysart. "Even if a

dance were worth growing old for, which I can't say I think it is."

"Why, mamma!" cried Jenny, turning her head to look at her. She was still sitting on the floor with a boot in her lap, and one of Sybil's slender little feet held caressingly between her hands; "you don't think I want to dance, do you? I wasn't thinking of myself. I want to go with Sybil, and look at her with all the other people round her. Of course I know she must look nicer than any of them; but I should like to see it, and one needn't be 'come out' for that. I don't believe any one would trouble to notice me."

"I am not so sure of that," said Mrs. Dysart quietly. "At any rate we will not try." And Sybil sprang up with a laugh, thrusting her little feet into the slippers Jenny had brought her.

"Jenny, you are a goose; you think no people can come up to your own family," she said gaily. "Perhaps I sha'n't go at all. How do I know if mamma will let me," glancing playfully at her mother, "or even if I shall be invited? You had better be sure of having something to look at before you want to go." But indeed the younger girl's admiration came as naturally to her sister as having her boots taken off. It was Jenny's way to wait on those she loved, and when the two went up to dress for dinner a few minutes afterwards, she busied herself in brushing out Sybil's fair hair and fastening back the folds of her white dress before she thought of doing anything for herself, while her sister stood gazing dreamily out at the heavy storm-clouds rolling over the sky. Gareth Vane had forgotten the pretty girl in the turnip-field at that moment in the consumption of his dinner, which he ate while perusing a heavily scented little note which had arrived for him during the day. And Sybil's thoughts were also wandering to some one else, for, after a few minutes, she asked with a slight blush,—

"If Lady Ashleigh is patroness, of course they will all be there. I wonder if mamma would let me go. It would not be like a private ball, you know."

"No; they would give it at the King's Head, where they give the hunt and archery balls. Lion said so; and that he always enjoyed going to them before he was ordained. He does go to dances now and then still, doesn't he?"

"Yes; but as he doesn't dance it makes no difference to other people. I almost wonder he does not stay away altogether."

"Perhaps he likes looking on, as I should. He said once he liked to see you dance—you moved so softly and lightly," said Jenny simply; but Sybil had turned to the window again, and did not seem to hear.

"Jenny," she said suddenly, "I didn't tell you down-stairs for fear of frightening the mother, but I had such a start to-day. A man nearly shot me."

"Shot—you!" cried Jenny.

Sybil's tone had been dreamingly conversational rather than otherwise; but the words brought her sister to her side in a moment, with one hand grasping her nervously by the shoulder.

"Yes," said Sybil, not troubling to look round; "we were on opposite sides of the hedge, and the hare he aimed at ran right across my feet. Oh, it was only a fright—don't crumple my sleeve, Jen—and I had no business in the field at all, only I didn't see any of Farmer Dyson's men about, and I wanted to take a short cut home. It was curious though, only a few minutes before I had been looking at the sky. It was all hot and coppery-looking, and the sun was behind a cloud, and its rays came out like the fingers of a great flaming hand. I almost felt as if it were driving me on against my will somewhere, I don't know where, and then this happened. But you see it came to nothing, and he did not look—Jenny, child, there's the dinner-bell, and your hair not done! Hurry, or you will be late."

And as Mrs. Dysart was as particular about punctuation as about most other things, Jenny had to hurry in earnest, and the conversation came to an end. But that night, after Sybil was in bed, a strange dream came to her. She dreamt that she was at a ball, the Tennis Club Ball at the King's Head, and that Lionel Ashleigh was with her, walking by her side, and looking at her as Jenny said he loved to look. She looked at him too, and to her surprise the face was not Lionel's, but that beautiful one with the tender dark-blue eyes that had bent so anxiously over hers in the turnip-field; and, while she looked, it became one with her mother's cameo which she was wearing on her breast, and which appeared in some mysterious way to be endowed with life, and smiling at her.

"I know it is St. John. It is more beautiful than any one else could be," she said to Jenny, and Jenny answered, —

"No, it is the Apollo. Throw it away! Throw it away!" and tried to tear it from her.

Chadleigh End had revenged itself on Mrs. Dysart, of course, for her rejection of its hospitalities. Indeed, the little village would have been so very superior to the rest of the world had that not been the case, that I think the widow ought to have been rather grateful than otherwise, that, in addition to the stock accusations of pride and exclusiveness, she had not been credited with anything worse than aiming at the heir of Dilworth Hall for her eldest girl; and after that young gentleman's marriage — "escape," the Chadleigh Endites called it — of pursuing the same scheme with regard to his brother, who was an officer of the navy. They had found out at last "the reason why she came to settle at Hillbrow." Of course it was for nothing else but to catch those two Ashleigh boys; and if John had proved amenable to Sybil's charms, Jenny would have been brought forward for William. How disappointed Mrs. Dysart must have been, poor thing, at the failure of her deep-laid little scheme! Poor woman! Well, it hadn't done her much good, for Lady Ashleigh had been too clever for her after all, as any one might have known she would be.

I don't think, however, that Mrs. Dysart was disappointed; or that either she or Lady Ashleigh troubled themselves very much about the reports above quoted, even if they ever heard them. Had there been even a shadow of foundation for them it might have been otherwise; but John was so much older than the Miss Dysarts, and so early taken with the charms of the Honorable Victoria, that he had not ceased to regard Sybil with the lofty patronage of a young man for a half-grown girl at the time of his engagement and of that party at which Miss Dysart made her first appearance in society; while William, a much younger lad, first at school and then at sea, was looked on more in the light of a rather troublesome mischievous brother than a friend by the Dysart girls — Sybil and Ada keeping out of his way and ignoring him, while Jenny and he kept up a sort of perpetual warfare, showing itself in incessant teasing on his part, and sharp speeches on hers. She said he was "so stupid," and, unless Lionel was there to take her part, would rather stay at home than go to the Hall during Will's holidays; while he retorted by calling her "spitfire," or "Miss Priggy Shanks," an unkind allusion to the length and slenderness of her limbs which poor Jenny found it impossible to forgive.

It was a different case, however, with Lionel Ashleigh, the rector's only son. Educated at Rugby, and transplanted thence to Oxford, he had never been quite as much thrown with the girls from Hillbrow as his cousins; and being one of those bullet-headed, muscular, rough-voiced lads who always look out of place except in the cricket-field or in a boat, and who combine a strong distaste for the juvenile feminine gender with an intense loyalty and admiration for "fellows" of their own sex, he had taken so little notice of his mother's small visitors as to hardly know them apart, and only interfered to save Jenny at times from being over-tormented by his cousin William, from a kind of rough chivalry for things small and weak, enhanced by the pleasure of a fight on any excuse. In this spirit he went to Oxford, where he managed to unite hard reading with athletic exercises in a way which left less leisure than ever for feminine society. Indeed, if he had any choice in that matter, it was for ladies of his mother's and Mrs. Dysart's age. He was quite fond, indeed, of the low-voiced, keen-tongued widow, and would sometimes linger for a talk with her when sent with a message from the rectory, even while the girls' gay voices were ringing from the garden, and their bright faces flitting to and fro in the verandah. He was an ardent botanist at this time, a devoted follower of Ruskin, crammed full of impossibly lofty ideas and brilliant mental chimeras; and Mrs. Dysart entered into them all, drew him out, and discussed them even more sympathetically than his mother, who adored him personally, but regarded his pet fancies as a joke, and used to beg him "not to irritate papa" by producing them at the rectory dinner-table, in a way which Lionel did not feel to be intellectually encouraging.

Young men, however, are not cast in adamant, and the period immediately after leaving college is one which not unfrequently casts a change over the spirit of their dreams. Lionel had bid good-bye to Alma Mater, and was reading for orders with a clerical friend of his father's in the wilds of Yorkshire, when John Ashleigh's engagement and that often-mentioned party in honor of it took place. He came up to Dilworth for the latter, saw Sybil Dysart, fair, sweet, and simple-looking among the other girls, like a wood-anemone in a bouquet of gaudy garden flowers, and straightway fell hopelessly in love with her.

"Don't talk to me of what I said be-

fore," he said to his cousin William when chaffed about his sudden and undisguised surrender. "I was a boy and a fool then. I am a man now, and she is the only woman I have ever seen. All the rest are dolls and shams;" and when Sybil showed her dance-card to her mother next day it was so scrawled over with L.A.'s that Mrs. Dysart could hardly make out any other name, and looked somewhat anxious over it till Sybil explained it to be "only Lion Ashleigh, but grown so big and different, and — and much nicer. You would hardly know him, mamma."

Since then he had become their near neighbor, having been given shortly after his ordination the curacy at Chadleigh End; and so few days passed without bringing him to Hillbrow on some errand or another, and so kind was Mrs. Dysart in her unvarying welcome for him, that before long the Chadleigh End gossips were again setting their heads together. Some said Mrs. Dysart, foiled at the Hall, was trying to console herself with the rectory; others that she had always had a design on the latter for one of her girls, only that it was to have been the *cadette* in the original programme; while a few went so far as to say that the young people were regularly engaged. This, however, reached Lionel's ears, and was promptly and indignantly denied. He was even so far affected by the rumor as to decrease his visits at Hillbrow; and as at the same time the De Boonyen family took up his denial, and went about repeating it with somewhat unnecessary energy, a counter report grew up: to wit, that haughty Mrs. Ashleigh and purse-proud Mrs. de Boonyen had come to the conclusion that birth might safely be bartered for money, and that Lion was to be made happy with the hand, not of Sybil Dysart, but of one of the flat-faced little damsels at Hapsburg Hall.

CHAPTER IV. DIPLOMACY.

JENNY felt as if her mother had snubbed her — very gently, perhaps, but still snubbed her intentionally — when she was discoursing girl-like on Lionel Ashleigh's visit, and she was right. Mrs. Dysart would not have owned for the world to caring anything for the vulgar gossip of the neighborhood, though this time it had succeeded in reaching her ears; but the young curate's disappointment at only finding two of the family at home, and his eager glances at the door

when Jenny told him that Sybil had only gone to see a poor woman and would soon be back, were not lost on the mother any more than was the slight falling off in his visits of late, or Sybil's blush at the mention of his name. Very few things were lost upon this quiet, pale-faced little lady, most of whose time was spent on a couch in the warmest corner of the drawing room at Hillbrow. It is your silent, low-voiced, unexcitable women, who seem to take little interest in anything or any one, that manage to see everything, and know what everything means, long before those who are most eager in their curiosity have so much as found out a clue to the matter in question; and she had marked that blush on Sybil's cheek once or twice before and traced it to the same cause. Long after both girls were asleep that night she lay wide awake and thinking, thinking with that furrow of pain on her brow and in her heart, of which only parents know the full bitterness when they begin to open their eyes to the fact that the day for giving up their children's first affections is about to dawn; and when morning came she wrote a little note, and sent it off by the gardener's son to Dilworth. It only contained these words: —

"DEAR FRIEND, — If you are going to be at home and alone this afternoon, send the pony-carriage over for me, and I will come and spend an hour with you. I want a quiet talk about the children.

"Yours affectionately,
"C. DYSART."

After that she gave her orders, and read some Italian and German with Jenny; also scolded Sybil a little for neglecting her music; and insisted that she should take two hours' practice that very day.

"I gave you the best masters because I hoped to make you competent to teach, if it should ever be needed that you should," she said severely; "but I might as well have spared my money, and the self-sacrifice necessary for having it to spend, if you are to throw away all you have learnt now." And Sybil, who had the sweetest temper in the world, went up and kissed her, saying laughingly, —

"Don't be cross, mammy. I have the flowers and chickens to attend to, and a letter to write before lunch; but after that I'll strum away as long as you please. Jenny, you and I will have a good practice and be 'not at home' to the world."

"The world of Chadleigh End!" said Mrs. Dysart, with the faintest little compression of her lips; "I hope you won't

disappoint many of its votaries, my dear." But just then the maid came in with the answer to her note, and glancing over it Mrs. Dysart added pleasantly,—

"Mrs. Ashleigh wants me to go over to the rectory for an hour this afternoon. She will send the pony-carriage for me, and desires her love to both of you. I think I shall go."

"Shall you, mamma?" said Sybil in some surprise. Usually it took a good deal longer for Mrs. Dysart to make up her mind to the exertion of a drive, even to Dilworth. "Then I suppose you will want me too?"

"Well—no," said Mrs. Dysart, looking at the note again. "Our kind friend seems not very well, and says nothing about you. Besides, if you really are going to have an afternoon's practising

— But you may come and help me dress, dear child. I can't do without you there." And then the mother suddenly put off her brief acerbity, and drew the pretty face down to her for a kiss so tender and yearning that Sybil half wondered if anything was troubling her, and whether there really was any possibility that they, so daintily nurtured and guarded, might have to teach music for their living in after days. In her heart she thought it utterly out of the question — yes, even if the worst came to the worst, and they were left orphaned and penniless. Other people might have to work, but not she, while there was a strong arm to defend and a strong hand to labor for her; and of course Jenny would be taken care of too as her sister. No one who loved the one sister would suffer the other to want for anything; and with the thought of such love, a little dimpling smile came to the corners of her mouth; though I do not think that she gave the lover any name even then in her own heart. Whoever he was he might be relied on to do that much, she said to herself with a backward toss of her graceful little head, so mother need not trouble about their future; and indeed Mrs. Dysart herself seemed to think she had been unnecessarily sharp in the matter. She had never been kinder to her daughters than she was for the rest of that morning. It was some one else who had reason to think her the reverse of good-natured before she reached Dilworth.

The young curate, Lionel Ashleigh, had just reached the brow of the hill as Mrs. Dysart came out of her gate, in order to get into his mother's pony-carriage which was drawn up outside. He sprang for-

ward, of course, to help her in, and they shook hands cordially as he said,—

"So you are going to the rectory. I recognized madam's clothes-basket and pony from the bottom of the hill, and wondered if she were within. I was just coming to call myself."

"Were you? Now I am sorry," said Mrs. Dysart gently—"if it was about anything in particular; but I suppose that could hardly be as we saw you only yesterday. However, get in too, and let us drive slowly. I don't like to keep your mother's pony standing; but we can talk as we go along. Was it anything about your poor people?"

"Oh dear, no!" Lion cried, with a slight flush on his face, and drawing back a step as if to show he did not want to detain her. "I was only looking in to enquire—I'm afraid Miss Dysart got home dreadfully late yesterday. I heard afterwards that she had stayed with old Mrs. Smith all the afternoon. It was awfully good of her. I hope she wasn't very tired."

"No, not at all," said Mrs. Dysart quietly. "She often sits all the afternoon with me, you know, when I am ill; and a little usefulness is good for girls. Well, Lion, as you don't want me then—"

"Oh, no," he broke in quickly. "Don't think of delaying for me. You go out so seldom, and I can always have a talk with you at home."

"Yes," the widow said, smiling; "we see each other pretty often, don't we? So I won't be polite and say 'Come in' to-day. I know your mother doesn't like the pony being kept waiting. Have you any special message for her?"

"I? Oh, no," he answered, his face falling perceptibly. "Then — then the young ladies are not at home either?"

"Well, yes, they are at home in one sense," said Mrs. Dysart pleasantly; "but they told me they should deny themselves to all visitors, as they had set their hearts on a good afternoon's practising; so you needn't feel yourself expected to ask for them. Good-bye."

And then she really did drive away; and Lion had nothing for it but to walk down the hill again. I dare say his parish work profited by it; but certainly he did not think Mrs. Dysart in one of her kindest moods. "An afternoon's practising!" As if that were such an important thing that it must prevent the girls from seeing him! And he had not seen Sybil yesterday; or indeed since last Sunday. She must care a great deal for her music if

she could not spare half an hour from it.

A very big carriage drawn by very big horses had just reached the foot of the hill at the same time as himself; and three ladies with a great show of plumpy bonnets and pale silk parasols leaned forward to bow to him. The eldest of the party followed her bow by beckoning to him; so Lionel had to smooth his brow, and go up to shake hands. It was not done very willingly.

"How do you do? You are quite a stranger, Mr. Ashleigh," Mrs. de Boonyen said in her most affable manner. "I saw your mother yesterday, and told her so. Quite a stranger. Why, it must be three or four weeks since you have been at Hapsburg."

"You forget all I have to do, and with an absent rector too," Lionel answered smiling. "I have very little time for visiting." But he felt rather a humbug when he said it, remembering how cross he had just been at having been debarred from a visit; and the eldest Miss de Boonyen seemed to know what was in his thoughts.

"Are you so hard-worked?" she said. "I thought there was not much for a clergyman to do at Chadleigh; and then you get a good deal of help, don't you? Miss Dysart — we saw you coming away from there just now — she does not seem to go out much in society; but I hear she is quite devoted to your parishioners."

Lionel felt rather uncomfortable and more than rather angry. "What the deuce did the girl mean?" he said to himself with unclerical fervor; but Miss de Boonyen's snub nose and pale eyes looked so innocent of any meaning whatever when he looked at her, that he felt inclined to laugh at his own touchiness; and, before he could answer, the second Miss de Boonyen put in hurriedly, —

"Miss Dysart looks as if she could be devoted to anything good, Mary Jane; she has such a sweet face. Mamma, don't you think Miss Dysart looks very sweet?"

Horatia Maude de Boonyen was if anything shorter and plainer than her elder sister. One of her eyes had a slight cast in it, and chronic indigestion from living on over-rich food had given a puffed, unwholesome pallor to her face. Also, when she got nervous or excited, she flushed all over a dull red color; and being somewhat taken aback at her own temerity, she was suffused with that tint now; yet Lionel, looking up at her, found

the glow not unbecoming, and for the first time thought her a shade removed from absolute repulsiveness.

"If she weren't so ugly — and I don't think she is quite so hideous as her sister — there might be something nice about that girl," he said to himself when he had at last got free, after having been worried into a promise to dine at Hapsburg Hall on the next day but one.

Mrs. Dysart in the mean time was being driven to Dilworth, and having arrived at the rectory was shown without delay into a pretty, comfortable, untidy drawing-room, where the rector's wife, tall and portly of person and stately of mien, rose up from an armchair in the bay window, and throwing down a little heap of account-books, took her by both hands and greeted her very cordially.

"So good of you to come over to me this way," she said, pulling forward a low chair near her. "Sit down there now, and be comfortable. I have nothing to do today, and it's quite a comfort to see any one who either isn't just having or hasn't just had a new baby. The fuss they are making at the Hall over this first arrival of Victoria's is too absurd. Margaret is crazy about it, of course, being her first grandchild; and even John, who is unassuming enough generally, looks as if he'd had done something wonderfully virtuous, and deserving of an Albert Memorial at the very least, in becoming a parent; while as for Sir William — my dear, he fairly bores me to death every time I see him. There's a new kind of feeding-bottle with a swivel neck — do you know it? — something which will put the milk down the infant's throat even if he's standing on his head with his mouth shut, and — But there, Sir William will tell you all about it. He could talk of nothing else yesterday. I hope you take an interest in feeding-bottles, Clara?"

"Well, it is so long since I have had to do with things of that sort," said Mrs. Dysart, with a smile in which a keen observer might have detected some latent nervousness. She added, with a little sigh: "One has other troubles with one's children after feeding-bottle days are over, which drive the latter out of one's mind."

"Ah, yes, of course. Not that I've ever troubled very much about mine at any time," Mrs. Ashleigh answered, so carelessly that if Mrs. Dysart had intended her remark to lead to any question about present troubles she must have been disappointed. "Victoria and her mother-in-

law are making a nice peck of worries for themselves over this little atom. However, they seem to enjoy it, and, after all, if a swivel-necked bottle does answer better than — My dear, are you sure you are out of the draught there? I am going to ring for some tea."

"Quite," said Mrs. Dysart, rather shortly. She was a small, pale, delicate-featured woman, with a skin which had once been as transparently fair as her daughter's, and light brown hair banded smoothly under her widow's cap; but just now there was an almost blueish tinge in the pallor of her face; and her small, frail-looking hands were clasped together over her crepe skirt with a kind of nervous quiver. "Don't ring for tea on my account," she added. "I never take it of an afternoon. No; I don't think Lionel has given you much trouble. I hope he never will."

"Then you hope more than I do," retorted her friend. "A young man who never gave his mother any trouble would be a miracle — or a monster, and I don't think Lion is either."

"He is a very good fellow, which is better; and very popular in Chadleigh," said Mrs. Dysart warmly. Mrs. Ashleigh only laughed however.

"The Ashleigh men are all good fellows and all popular. Lion may do well enough for Chadleigh End if he's only that; but —"

"You are more ambitious for him?" said Mrs. Dysart, with an involuntary quiver about the lips. "Well, I suppose that is not to be wondered at."

"Ambitious? Not I, or I wouldn't have let him go into the Church at all, where decidedly there isn't much to be done nowadays; and as to what it will be when the rascals get disestablishment — But don't tell the rector I said that, or he would have a bonfire made in the home meadow, and offer me up on it as an *auto da fé* in the cause of Church and State. Ah, well, I dare say both will last his time!"

"And Lionel's too, I hope," said the widow.

"Oh, I believe he would be rather glad if they did not. He has fads, which was a reason for my not wishing him to come here as curate to his father. Lion is too new-fangled for the rector. But there! you are making me as bad as my niece Victoria or Sir William himself; and, after all, you ought to know more of the boy's ideas than I do, now that you 'sit under' him."

"I don't often get as far as church, however," said Mrs. Dysart.

"No; but by his showing you see more of him than do most of his church-going parishioners," retorted her friend, pausing in the act of pouring out tea, to look the widow keenly in the eyes for one second. Mrs. Dysart returned the look with calmness. It seemed to do her good.

"Yes," she said quietly; "if he were to see all his friends as often as he does us, I should not think there was much to be done in the parish. Not but what he is always very welcome."

"Don't let him bore you, however," said Mrs. Ashleigh, looking away again to add another lump of sugar to her tea. "John bores me dreadfully at times. Why are eldest sons invariably the dullest of the family? I often feel inclined to say, 'Go away, do,' when he comes in here for a duty call, and stays an hour or more prosing."

"I believe I said that to Lionel to-day, though not because he bores me," replied the widow. "He was just coming up to call on us as I was starting for here, but I didn't like to keep the pony standing, and I knew the girls wanted a quiet afternoon for their music, so I was inhospitable and sent him away."

"At which I dare say he was very cross," said Mrs. Ashleigh, laughing. "I am glad to hear, though, that the girls are so devoted to their music. I'm afraid I usedn't to be as much so in my young days."

"I don't think they are in general; but I was speaking to them about it rather seriously this morning. It was a thing their dear father laid great stress on; and if Sybil were to go to Lord Dysart's —"

"But I thought you told me you never meant to let her go there, that they were a very fast set altogether; and his niece, Lady — what's her name? — the one who does the honors — just the sort of woman you and I most dislike."

"So I did; but he has written about it twice; and, with my weak health, you must acknowledge, Rose," Mrs. Dysart's tone became suddenly plaintive here, "that I can't help feeling anxious about my children's future when I think that I may be called on to leave them before they are settled in life, and it does not seem wise to throw away friends."

"I don't think you need worry yourself on that score," said Mrs. Ashleigh cheerfully. There seemed something unkind in the persistent cheerfulness of the rector's wife to-day, or Mrs. Dysart thought

so. "Pretty, ladylike girls will always make friends anywhere; and I hope you will be spared to them for many a long day yet. I see what it is, though, Clare," she added in a jesting tone; "you are beginning to repent of having treated those dear De Boonyens so unmercifully; and indeed I think you have cause —"

"The corn-plaster people!" cried Mrs. Dysart, with that sudden compression of lip and erectness of head which Chadeligh people found so obnoxious in her. "Thank you! I don't think I should seek friends for my girls there! Not but — with a sudden glance at her hostess, and a markedly apologetic change of tone — "that I am sure they are very nice, worthy people in their way: very much so, of course."

Mrs. Ashleigh nodded more cheerfully than ever. "I call them dear creatures," she answered. "Corn-plaster people! My dear soul, you haven't imbibed Lion's radical ideas, or you wouldn't say that. There are very few ills in life that plasters, when made of gold, won't heal; and there really is no humbug about that balm. My maid swears by it; and would like, I believe, to drop a grateful curtsey to young De Boonyen every time he comes here. Do you know he will have nine or ten thousand a year? Why, any girl would be glad to have him. My dear Clara, you are too proud in these matters. I dare say you would find him a charming fellow if you only knew him."

"Possibly. I do not know, however, that I care to do so at present," said Mrs. Dysart coldly. She added, with the anxious look a little more defined in her eyes, "They are friends of yours, though. I had forgotten that. You see a good deal of them, don't you?"

"Yes; they are very kind in calling here; and upon my word I don't altogether dislike the second girl. She's a modest, humble little thing, and might be good for something if any one would take the trouble to give her a little training."

"And are you thinking of doing so, Rose?" Mrs. Dysart asked, with an almost too great appearance of carelessness, as she began to button on her gloves. Her face was paler now than when she first came in. Her friend opened her eyes.

"Well, not exactly. I don't know for one thing that she would care to let me; though she looks docile enough, poor thing, and I own I do like to have a girl about me. That reminds me that I have been going to ask you to spare Sybil to

me for a little. It is a long while since she has been here; and — with a slight smile — "I would keep her closely to her — music."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Dysart quietly. She was standing up now and ready to go. "I dare say Sybil would like it very much if I could manage it; but she has been looking rather pale of late; and when Lord Dysart last wrote —"

"Oh, if you are thinking of sending her to Lord Dysart's, don't let me stand in the way," Mrs. Ashleigh put in quickly. "I dare say it will be much better for her."

Mrs. Dysart looked at her rather earnestly.

"I don't," she said, in a very gentle voice — "not if you really want her. Do you, Rose?"

"I shouldn't ask her if I did not. Didn't I tell you that I wanted a girl about me?"

"Yes; but you spoke of Miss de Boonyen, and there might be reasons — I would really prefer that you asked her now."

"And I would really prefer the contrary. Besides, if I did, Lion would never come near me all the time she was here; and would bore you more than ever."

"My dear Rose! I never said Lion bored me."

"No; but he must have been rather a frequent visitor, or you wouldn't have had to send him away to-day; and, in charity to you, I would like to find an attraction to bring him here instead. Ah, yes, I know I spoil him; but that's a way with mothers, I fear. Then you will let Sybil come to me before long?"

She said this after a pause, as if it had nothing to do with the rest of the sentence; and with her hand in her friend's by way of farewell. Something in the latter's small, pale face and feverish eyes, however, touched her; and the next minute she bent her head, exclaiming, as they kissed one another, —

"Clara, you make difficulties for yourself by over-anxiety. You always did. Haven't I often said that I envied you your two girls when I have none of my own, and that I should like to steal Sybil, and make a daughter of her? And you're not going to pretend that she isn't fond of us."

"No; for I am very sure that she is," said Mrs. Dysart gravely. "But if it should be a mistake to encourage it now; if you should have wishes which —"

"It will not be a mistake; and I have

no wishes. Let Sybil alone, and don't spoil her by sending her to Lord Dysart's, to be turned into a fast young woman of the period with a sky-terrier's fringe and a waterman's jersey. I should be expecting next to hear of her photograph in the London shops, taken sprawling in a hammock or making eyes over a muff."

"You need not be afraid. There is nothing of the fashionable beauty in my little Sybil. Good-bye, Rose, and—don't laugh at me for being anxious about my children. They are all I have left, remember, and they are so much to me."

"And what do you suppose mine is to me, who have only one?" Mrs. Ashleigh put in with sudden heat. "But I fancied we had both seen plainly enough how things were going, and had come to the conclusion not to interfere; more especially as it would most likely be no good if we did."

"If you are content, I am, most certainly," said Mrs. Dysart quickly; and then she pressed her friend's hand, and went away with something very like tears in her cold grey eyes, and a softened look about the mouth. Mrs. Ashleigh stood looking after her.

"What an odd woman Clare is!" she thought to herself. "But she was always the same as a girl. When she had set her heart on anything, no matter how straightforward or trifling, she never minded how much planning and contriving she devoted to getting at it indirectly, instead of going up and asking for it like other girls. As if I were blind! But I suppose she has heard the rumor that those people are setting their caps at Lion, and got nervous lest I should approve of it. Poor dear soul! I wonder if she got things out of her husband in the same way. I'm glad Sybil takes after him. I don't think Lion would like a too clever wife. He is downright enough, dear old boy! Well, I suppose Clare's mind is easier now."

And, indeed, when Mrs. Dysart got home, she told the girls she had had a very pleasant drive and chat with her old friend, and felt all the better for it.

"And no one called the whole afternoon; so we weren't required to say 'not at home' once, mamma," said Jenny. "You were right in your joke about it, but it was rather disappointing to Sybil."

"Poor Sybil! Was it? Let us hope some one will console her by calling tomorrow, since she is so fond of visitors," said Mrs. Dysart, stroking back Sybil's hair with a slow, loving touch. She made

no mention, however, either then or afterwards, of having sent one visitor away; and the girls never suspected it.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

LORD MACAULAY AND DR. JOHNSON'S WIFE.

It is certainly strange that in the "Life of Lord Macaulay" we are nowhere told how he received Mr. Carlyle's article on Boswell. He must, of course, have seen that to no small extent it was meant as an answer to his famous essay in the *Edinburgh Review*. He must, we should feel sure, have written about it, and written strongly, too, in his letters to his sisters and friends. In the life of Johnson that he wrote many years later for the "Encyclopædia Britannica" we can trace, unless we are greatly mistaken, certain effects of this literary strife. He no more answers Mr. Carlyle directly by name than Falstaff answered the chief justice; but he might, when he had finished his biography, equally well with Falstaff, have exclaimed, "This is the right fencing grace; tap for tap, and so part fair." Mr. Carlyle, in writing of Johnson's wife, had said: "Johnson's marriage with the good widow Porter has been treated with ridicule by many mortals, who apparently had no understanding thereof. . . . In the kind widow's love and pity for him, in Johnson's love and gratitude, there is actually no matter for ridicule." "No matter for ridicule!" we can imagine Macaulay crying out. "I will make the marriage more ridiculous than ever." He certainly set to work in good earnest to make both Johnson and his wife seem as absurd as possible. He was not afraid of Mr. Carlyle's charge of want of understanding. Others had chastised with whips, but he would chastise with scorpions. Here, then, we have two of the greatest writers of this century altogether at variance about the marriage of one of the greatest writers of last century. Johnson himself certainly saw nothing ridiculous in his marriage. Mr. Carlyle also sees nothing ridiculous. Macaulay, perhaps with more than the usual confidence of a bachelor, finds in it nothing but food for laughter and amazement. Perhaps modesty ought to lead us to say,—

Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites.
Nevertheless, the question is not an unin-

teresting one; the materials on which to found a judgment are few and open to all, and a final decision seems possible. Macaulay says:—

"While leading this vagrant and miserable life, Johnson fell in love. The object of his passion was Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, a widow who had children as old as himself. To ordinary spectators the lady appeared to be a short, fat, coarse woman, painted half an inch thick, dressed in gaudy colors, and fond of exhibiting provincial airs and graces, which were not exactly those of the Queensberrys and Lepels. To Johnson, however, whose passions were strong, whose eyesight was too weak to distinguish ceruse from natural bloom, and who had seldom or never been in the same room with a woman of real fashion, his Titty, as he called her, was the most beautiful, graceful, and accomplished of her sex. That his admiration was unfeigned cannot be doubted, for she was as poor as himself. She accepted, with a readiness which did her little honor, the addresses of a suitor who might have been her son." Macaulay goes on to tell how Johnson set up a school. After asserting that Johnson himself was unfit for the life of a schoolmaster, he adds: "Nor was the tawdry, painted grandmother whom he called his Titty well qualified to make provision for the comfort of young gentlemen. David Garrick, who was one of the pupils, used, many years later, to throw the best company of London into convulsions of laughter by mimicking the endearments of this extraordinary pair." Some pages further on, in describing Mrs. Johnson's death, he says: "Many people had been surprised to see a man of his genius and learning stooping to every drudgery, and denying himself almost every comfort, for the purpose of supplying a silly, affected old woman with superfluities, which she accepted with but little gratitude."

Assuming for the moment that Mrs. Porter was such as Macaulay describes her, assuming, also, that Johnson in his wooing and the seventeen years of his married life never discovered that her charms, such as they were, were due to art, it most certainly was not his eyesight that was at fault. It is strange how any one so well read in his Boswell as Macaulay most certainly was, could have maintained that Johnson's eyesight was too weak to distinguish ceruse from natural bloom. There was, no doubt, some great defect in Johnson's sight. Our belief is that he could not see things at a glance,

but that if time were given him he could distinguish clearly enough. At all events, when he was a young man, and in good health, he could tell the hour by the town clock of Lichfield. Boswell records it was wonderful how accurate his observation of visual objects was, notwithstanding his imperfect eyesight, owing to a habit of attention. Moreover, it was noticed that so far from being indifferent to the appearance and the dress of ladies, he was, on the contrary, most observant. "The ladies with whom he was acquainted agree that no man was more nicely and minutely critical in the elegance of female dress," Miss Burney says just the same. "It seems," she writes, "he always speaks his mind concerning the dress of ladies; and all ladies who are here (*i.e.* at Streatham) obey his injunctions implicitly, and alter whatever he disapproves. . . . Notwithstanding he is sometimes so absent, and always so near-sighted, he scrutinizes into every part of almost everybody's appearance." In another part of her diary she writes: "I believe his blindness is as much the effect of absence as of infirmity, for he sees wonderfully at times." Madame Piozzi's testimony more than bears this out. "No accidental position of a riband," she says, "escaped him, so nice was his observation, and so rigorous his demands of propriety." She tells how "a lady whose accomplishments he never denied (Mrs. Montagu, we believe), came to our house one day covered with diamonds, feathers, etc., and he did not seem inclined to chat with her as usual. I asked him why, when the company was gone. 'Why, her head looked so like that of a woman who shows puppets,' said he, 'and her voice so confirmed the fancy, that I could not bear her to-day; when she wears a large cap I can talk to her.'" In fact there is good evidence that he had in his early days interfered with his wife as much as at Streatham he interfered with Mrs. Thrale and her guests. He once told Mrs. Thrale "that Mrs. Johnson's hair was eminently beautiful—quite blonde, like that of a baby; but that she fretted about the color, and was always desirous to dye it black, which he very judiciously hindered her from doing." It is abundantly clear then that, if Mrs. Johnson was the tawdry, painted grandmother that Macaulay describes, Johnson, so far as his eyesight went, would not long have been deceived by her ceruse. If he was blind, it was the blindness of a lover.

But is the picture that Macaulay draws

correct? Has he not himself laid on the color thickly, and added ceruse where, perhaps, there was already ceruse enough? What are the authorities to which he has had access? None of Johnson's biographers had ever seen the lady. All the descriptions, therefore, that we have of her are second-hand, except, indeed, a few passages in which Johnson himself has described her. What is known of her, however, is chiefly from the anecdotes he told about her, and from the accounts given of her to the various biographers by her daughter, Miss Porter, by Garrick, Hector, Hawkesworth, blind Miss Williams, Mrs. Desmoulins, and old Mr. Levett. She belonged to an old county family. In the register of her birth her father is entered esquire, at a time, too, when this title was not lightly given. Johnson on her tombstone describes her as "*antiqua Farvisionum gente orta.*" Her family had once possessed nearly the whole lordship of Great Peatling (about two thousand acres), in Leicestershire. She was born in February, 1689. She had married a mercer at Birmingham, named Porter. When Johnson made her acquaintance her husband was still living. He had an opportunity, therefore, of studying her character at a time when he could never have dreamt of marrying her. Nor in all likelihood was his judgment about women so untrained as Macaulay says. Likely enough he "had seldom or never been in the same room with a woman of real fashion." We may, in passing, raise a doubt whether the son of a country tradesman, who had inherited from his father just twenty pounds, and who had to make his way in life, would have been guided in his choice of a wife by the sight even of half a score of women of fashion. However, he had, as we know, from his earliest years always met with "a kind reception in the best families at Lichfield." Among his friends he reckoned his godfather, Dr. Swinfen, who is described as being a gentleman of landed property; Mr. Levett, another gentleman of fortune; Captain Garrick, the father of the great actor; Mr. Howard, a proctor in the ecclesiastical court; and Mr. Walmsley, the registrar. Mr. Walmsley's father had been chancellor of the diocese and member for the city. "In most of these families," writes Boswell, "he was in the company of ladies — particularly at Mr. Walmsley's, whose wife and sisters-in-law, daughters of a baronet, were remarkable for good breeding." Johnson was not likely ever in life to have to do

with the Queensberrys and Lepels. It mattered little to him, therefore, what might be their airs and graces. But provincial airs and graces — the airs and graces, that is to say, which as much became ladies who spent their whole life in the country, as courtly airs and graces became the ladies of St. James's — were surely not unknown to him.

But it may be urged we are making the case still worse. If Johnson was not half blind, if he had mixed with ladies of birth and breeding, how great must the infatuation have been which led him to marry a tawdry, painted grandmother! We must first ask that it shall be settled at what age a woman who has no grandchildren is properly called a grandmother. Mrs. Johnson was forty-six at the date of her second marriage. She was born in February 1689, and was married in July 1735.* Her case is certainly somewhat hard. She was but a year beyond the age of the Duchess of Cleveland, when that famous beauty is described by Macaulay as "no longer young, but still retaining some traces of that superb and voluptuous loveliness which twenty years before overcame the hearts of all men." Does the widow of a duke, we may fairly ask, become a grandmother at the age of forty-six as well as the widow of a mercer? Johnson himself was on his marriage day two months short of twenty-six. The difference in age was certainly great enough, but surely not so great as to justify Macaulay's rhetoric. Neither is it true, we believe, that she had children as old as himself. There are only two children of whom anything certain seems to be known. Her daughter Lucy was six years younger than Johnson. "She revered him," writes Boswell, "and he had a parental tenderness for her." Lucy had a brother who became a captain in the Royal Navy. He was, we believe, more than two years her junior, and, therefore, eight years younger than Johnson.†

Doubtless long before Mrs. Johnson's death the difference of years between her

* That she was married in 1735, and not in 1736, as commonly stated, is proved by a passage in "Prayers and Meditations," page 210, where Johnson records, "We were married almost seventeen years." She died in March 1752.

† In the registry of the parish church of Birmingham is recorded the birth of Jarvis Henry Porter, son of Henry Porter, of Edgbaston, on January 29, 1717 (1718 new style). The birth of a daughter is recorded on March 21, 1707. She must, we believe, have died before Johnson's marriage, for no mention is made of her. So far as this registry shows, no other son was born. For this extract we are indebted to the kindness of the rector, Canon Wilkinson.

and her husband had become far more strongly marked. As she had fallen away in looks, so had he improved. Miss Porter told Boswell that "when Johnson was first introduced to her mother his appearance was very forbidding; he was then lean and lank, so that his immense structure of bones was hideously striking to the eye, and the scars of the scrofula were deeply visible." There may be some exaggeration in this description; but, on the other hand, is there not every reason to believe that the portrait that Garrick has drawn of the wife is equally overcharged? For "the ordinary spectators," of whom Macaulay writes with such confidence, are found, so far, at least, as our discovery has extended, to be Garrick, and no one but Garrick. He alone, with the exception of Miss Porter, of those who knew Mrs. Johnson at the time of her marriage, has left any account of her personal appearance. The picture that he draws is certainly repulsive enough. "Mr. Garrick described her to me," writes Boswell, "as very fat, with a bosom of more than ordinary protuberance, with swelled cheeks, of a florid red produced by thick painting, and increased by the liberal use of cordials; flaring and fantastic in her dress, and affected both in her speech and her general behavior. I have seen Garrick exhibit her, by his exquisite talent of mimicry, so as to excite the heartiest bursts of laughter; but he probably, as is the case in all such representations, considerably aggravated the picture." Madame Piozzi says that "Garrick told Mrs. Thrale that she was a little, painted puppet, of no value at all, and quite disguised with affectation, full of odd airs of rural elegance; and he made out some comical scenes by mimicking her in a dialogue he pretended to have overheard. I do not know whether he meant such stuff to be believed or no, it was so comical." Macaulay, it may be noticed, has combined the two portraits. The fatness and coarseness he gets from Boswell, the shortness from Madame Piozzi. Yet "a little, painted puppet" and "a short, fat, coarse woman" do not seem to be well applied to the same person. Be that as it may, it is worth notice that there is nothing that fixes the date of Garrick's description. Is he speaking of her as she was when Johnson wooed her, or as she was after many years of married life? The chief reproach thrown by Macaulay on Johnson was that he was so blinded as to fall in love with a short, fat, coarse woman, painted half an inch thick

— a tawdry, painted grandmother. What proof have we that Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, the widow of forty-six, was such a woman? It may well be doubted whether Garrick's description, even when applied to her later years, is not a gross exaggeration. Percy, the Bishop of Dromore, has added a warning, which Macaulay should scarcely have so totally disregarded. "As Johnson," he says, "kept Garrick much in awe when present, David, when his back was turned, repaid the restraint with ridicule of him and his Dulcinea, which should be read with great abatement." Mrs. Thrale saw a picture of her at Lichfield, which was, she says, very pretty, and her daughter, Miss Lucy Porter, said it was like. Whatever may have been her appearance, "the lover," says Macaulay, "continued to be under the illusions of the wedding-day till the lady died in her sixty-fourth year. On her monument he placed an inscription extolling the charms of her person and of her manners." But may not a pretty woman, who outlives her prettiness, be fairly described on her tombstone as *formosa*? Would it have been wrong on their monuments to call Marlborough gallant or Swift learned, because from the eyes of one the streams of dotation flowed, and the other expired a driveller and a show? Johnson might well have discovered that his wife had lost her charms, for all that the epitaph he placed over her shows. Besides, as he himself said, "in lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath."

He was not, indeed, the man to form romantic notions, nor to find in every goose a swan. His conduct to his wife on their marriage day shows clearly enough that that "homely wisdom," for which Macaulay praised him, had by no means deserted him even in the passion of love. "She had read the old romances," he told Boswell, "and had got into her head the fantastical notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me; and, when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice; and I resolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore pushed on briskly, till I was fairly out of her sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss it; and I contrived that she should soon come up with me. When she did, I observed her to be in tears."

More than twenty years after his wife's

death, when, on a visit to Birmingham, he had met his first love, Mrs. Careless, he said to Boswell, who had accompanied him, "If I had married her it might have been as happy for me." The following conversation then passed:—

Boswell. — Pray, sir, do you not suppose that there are fifty women in the world, with any one of whom a man may be as happy as with any one woman in particular?

Johnson. — Ay, sir; fifty thousand.

Boswell. — Then, sir, you are not of opinion with some who imagine that certain men and certain women are made for each other; and that they cannot be happy if they miss their counterparts?

Johnson. — To be sure not, sir. I believe marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the lord chancellor, upon a due consideration of the characters and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter.

If we should set aside the great difference in their ages, Mrs. Johnson would seem to have had qualities which made her no unsuitable companion for Johnson. Boswell says: "She must have had a superiority of understanding and talents, as she certainly inspired him with more than ordinary passion." She could, at all events, understand and admire his genius. The first time she met him and heard him talk, she said to her daughter, "This is the most sensible man that I ever saw in my life." Miss Williams, who knew her well, and who was herself a woman of great intelligence, says that "she had a good understanding and great sensibility, but was inclined to be satirical." Johnson told Mrs. Thrale that "his wife read comedy better than anybody he ever heard; in tragedy she mouthed too much." In a passage in Boswell we have proof of her enjoyment of literature. "Johnson," he writes, "told me, with an amiable fondness, a little pleasing circumstance relative to this work [‘The Rambler’]. Mrs. Johnson, in whose judgment and taste he had great confidence, said to him, after a few numbers had come out, 'I thought very well of you before; but I did not imagine you could have written anything equal to this.' Distant praise, from whatever quarter, is not so delightful as that of a wife whom a man loves and esteems." Could Boswell, we may with some reason ask, have written this if he had known that Johnson's wife was the "silly, affected old woman" of Macaulay's imagination? In the sermon that Johnson wrote for her funeral, and which he had hoped his friend Dr. Tay-

lor would preach, we have proof of the powers of her mind. However much he might have been deceived by her appearance, most certainly he could not have lived with her for nearly seventeen years without forming a just estimate of her mind. In a funeral sermon, no doubt, as in lapidary inscriptions, a man is not upon oath. Nevertheless, even if we make considerable deduction for exaggeration, there is much that remains. He writes of her as one "whom many, who now hear me, have known, and whom none, who were capable of distinguishing either moral or intellectual excellence, could know without esteem or tenderness. To praise the extent of her knowledge, the acuteness of her wit, the accuracy of her judgment, the force of her sentiments, or the elegance of her expression would ill suit with the occasion."

Macaulay says that it cannot be doubted that Johnson's admiration for the widow was unfeigned, for she was as poor as himself. This statement about her poverty it is not easy to accept. Boswell, indeed, says that the marriage was a very imprudent scheme, both on account of their disparity of years and her want of fortune. Miss Williams also states that Mr. Porter had died insolvent; but Miss Williams did not make the acquaintance of the Johnsons till many years after their marriage, and so in this point she might have been mistaken. Hawkins says that she was left "so provided for, as made a match with her to a man in Johnson's circumstances desirable. . . . Her fortune, which is conjectured to have been about eight hundred pounds, placed him in a state of affluence to which before he had been a stranger." It is difficult to believe that she had not some money. Johnson records, in July 1732, that he had received twenty pounds, being all that he had reason to hope for out of his father's effects previous to his mother's death. He had since that time earned five guineas by his translation of Lobo's "Voyage to Abyssinia." He had, moreover, held at least one situation as usher in the grammar school of Market Bosworth, and at the same time had been a kind of domestic chaplain to the patron of the school. This situation he recollects all his life afterwards with the strongest aversion, and even a degree of horror. For six months of the time he had been the guest of his old schoolfellow, Mr. Hector. In 1735 he married, and either that year or the next he hired a large house, and set up a school. He had but

three pupils according to Boswell. Hawkins gives him a few more. "His numbers," he says, "at no time exceeded eight, and of those not all were boarders." After a year and a half he gave up school-keeping, and went to London. "He had a little money when he came to town," says Boswell. As he left his wife at Lichfield, we may feel sure that he did not leave her without making some provision for her. The school could scarcely have paid its expenses. Certainly it could not have returned him the outlay on the furniture, much less have provided him with any surplus. It is difficult to see how the newly married couple lived for almost the first three years of their married life, unless Mrs. Johnson had some money of her own.

Whether Mrs. Johnson had money or not, we know not what justification Macaulay has for asserting: "Nor was the tawdry, painted grandmother, whom he called his Titty, well qualified to make provision for the comfort of young gentlemen." It was not, by the way, Titty, but Tetty, that Johnson called his wife. Tetty, as Boswell says, like Betty, is provincially used as a contraction for Elizabeth, her Christian name. Macaulay, apparently in confirmation of his assertion, then tells how "Garrick used to throw the best company of London into convulsions of laughter by mimicking the endearments of this extraordinary pair." Garrick's mimicry no more proved that the wife was not well qualified to make provision for the comfort of young gentlemen than that the husband was not well qualified to write his dictionary. She had certainly one of the qualities which are commonly thought to be the marks of a good housewife. "My wife," said Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, "had a particular reverence for cleanliness, and desired the praise of neatness in her dress and furniture, as many ladies do, till they become troublesome to their best friends, slaves to their own besoms, and only sigh for the hour of sweeping their husbands out of the house as dirt and useless lumber. A clean floor is so comfortable, she would say sometimes by way of twitting; till at last I told her that I thought we had had talk enough about the *floor*; we would now have a touch at the *ceiling*."

It is certainly surprising, seeing that Mrs. Johnson lived in London fourteen or fifteen years, that what is known of her is really so little. Not much, however, is known of Johnson during this same period. One of his biographers,

Sir John Hawkins, had made his acquaintance before his wife's death, but her he had never seen. He had been told "by Mr. Garrick, Dr. Hawkesworth, and others that there was somewhat crazy in the behavior of them both; profound respect on his part, and the airs of an antiquated beauty on hers." He goes on to say: "Johnson had not then been used to the company of women, and nothing but his conversation rendered him tolerable among them; it was, therefore, necessary that he should practise his best manners to one, whom, as she was descended from an ancient family, and had brought him a fortune, he thought his superior." Out of Hawkins's simple statement that Johnson had not been used to the company of women, have, perhaps, grown "the woman of real fashion" of Macaulay, "the Queensberrys and Lepels." Hawkins's explanation of any part of Johnson's conduct is worth nothing. That "most unclubable man" who, as Johnson himself said, was penurious and mean, and had a degree of brutality and a tendency to savagery that could not easily be defended, was utterly unfit to understand the character of a great man. His statements of facts, however, may perhaps be generally accepted, if they are not improbable in themselves, and if there is no evidence to the contrary. In the present case we see no reason to doubt that he has correctly reported what Garrick and Hawkesworth had told him.

Of the closing years of Mrs. Johnson's life we know next to nothing. "The last 'Rambler,'" says Macaulay, "was written in a sad and gloomy hour. Mrs. Johnson had been given over by the physicians. Three days later she died. She left her husband almost broken-hearted." And then Macaulay adds, in a passage that we have already quoted: "Many people had been surprised to see a man of his genius and learning stooping to every drudgery, and denying himself almost every comfort, for the purpose of supplying a silly, affected old woman with superfluities, which she accepted with but little gratitude." Who are the many people of whom Macaulay speaks we are not able to say. We know but one authority for the statement. "I have been told by Mrs. Desmoulins," writes Boswell, "who, before her marriage, lived for some time with Mrs. Johnson at Hampstead, that she indulged herself in country air and nice living at an unsuitable expense, while her husband was drudging in the smoke of London." This may be the case, but the

evidence of Mrs. Desmoulins against another woman should be received with caution. That she was a good hater is very clear from more than one of Johnson's letters. Old Mr. Levett had also known Mrs. Johnson, but only in her later years. "The intelligence I gained of her from him," writes Madame Piozzi, "was only perpetual illness and perpetual opium." That she had suffered long and suffered patiently is shown by Johnson's sermon. "She passed," he wrote, "through many months of languor, weakness, and decay, without a single murmur of impatience, and often expressed her adoration of that mercy which granted her so long time for recollection and penitence."

G. B. H.

From The Spectator.
THE NEW POPULAR VOTE IN SWITZERLAND.

The Referendum of Sunday last affords another proof that Switzerland is at once the most democratic of countries and the most conservative of republics. For the first time since the adoption of the present Constitution, the people have been formally asked if they desire a revision of the federal pact. They reply by a majority of one hundred and thirty-four thousand votes that they are content with the institutions under which they live, and emphatically refuse to try the dangerous experiment of making, after so short a trial, organic changes in an instrument which has worked fairly, and which assures the fullest measure of personal liberty and cantonal independence compatible with good government and the unity of the Confederation. The occasion of Sunday's Referendum was somewhat singular. ("Referendum" better qualifies the function in question than either the French *plébiscite*, with which it has nothing in common, or the term *votation populaire*, by which it is rendered in the French-speaking countries.) There are two sorts of Referendum: one relates to ordinary laws, and may be called for by thirty thousand electors; the other concerns organic changes, and can only be put into operation on the demand of fifty thousand electors. If a partial revision of the Constitution be in question, the modification of a clause, or the addition of a sentence, the matter, on the proposal of the Federal Legislature, is laid before the electors, whose decision is final. It will

thus be seen that the initiative appertains to the people only when a total revision of the Constitution is desired. In all other cases, though they may reject the proposals of their representatives, the constituents cannot originate. About a year ago, Herr Joos, one of the members for Schaffhausen, introduced into the Federal Legislature a measure for the regulation of banknote issues. He desired to suppress all private issues, and to constitute the State the sole maker of paper-money, his contention being that if it were made in sufficient quantity, the prosperity of the Confederation and the well-being of the working classes could never again be imperilled by the commercial vicissitudes and industrial crises of neighboring countries. But Herr Joos's ideas found so little favor among his colleagues, that they passed to the order of the day, without condescending to discuss them. Defeated in the Legislature, the member for Schaffhausen betook himself to the people, and after a twelvemonth's assiduous canvassing, he succeeded in obtaining the signatures of fifty thousand electors to a requisition for the submission of such a revision of the Constitution to the people as would admit of his theories being carried into effect. This requisition, when laid before the Federal Council, was found to contain a vice of form that rendered it practically invalid; for the right of initiative, when a partial revision of the Constitution is desired—that is, a revision with a certain limited, well-defined object—belongs, as we have seen, to the Legislature alone. It was competent, therefore, for the government to disregard the requisition. They, nevertheless, resolved to recommend the National Assembly, with which body the ultimate decision rested, to alter the wording of the petition, so as to convert it into a demand for a total revision of the Constitution; and this view of the matter approving itself to the Legislature, the question was referred, on Sunday last, to the popular vote, with the result we have stated. This course, though at one time it was very unfavorably criticised by an influential portion of the Swiss press, appears to have been based on sound principles. It was considered that a rejection of the demand on the ground of its informality might be ascribed to a desire to shirk a fair consideration of the subject, and to a lack of confidence in the good sense of the people. Herr Joos, moreover, encouraged by such an appearance of timidity, would have renewed his agitation with

greater determination than before. Better, it was thought, meet the emergency boldly, and ascertain, once for all, whether or not the Swiss people desire a revision of the federal pact, with a view to the adoption of the currency nostrums of the Schaffhausen school of political economy. The result has abundantly justified the wisdom of this policy. Herr Joos received the support, not alone of his own particular adherents, but of the principal communistic societies and the whole school of doctrinaire Jacobins,—and of all, in short, who are ill-affected towards the Confederation and discontented with the existing social order. It is something to know that all these elements combined, even when they have every incentive to display their utmost strength, are unable to muster more than one hundred and twenty thousand votes, out of a possible six hundred and fifty thousand. The majority of one hundred and thirty thousand against revision would probably have been much larger, had not the result been considered so entirely a foregone conclusion that many electors did not take the trouble to vote. In French Switzerland, for instance, the "noes" numbered seventy-five thousand, while the "yeses" reached a total of only thirty-three hundred.

The system of questioning the people, as it has been called (*Volksanfragen*), though not made general before 1874, is a very ancient usage in Switzerland. It was first practised in Berne in 1469. In that year, the government, being in urgent need of money, desired to suppress certain commercial monopolies which hampered the cantonal finances, yet notwithstanding, without popular support, to encounter the opposition of the powerful class likely to be affected by the proposed reform, they put the question broadly to the whole body of burghers, "Would they have these privileges abolished, or not?" The answer was an emphatic affirmative. In the fifty-five years between 1469 and 1524, the Referendum was resorted to sixty times. The people—as appears from Herr von Stürler's work, entitled "*Volksanfragen*"—were consulted not alone touching the adoption of new enactments and the abolition of old ones, but in regard to administrative details. It is curious to note that their decisions were always in favor of severity and the strict upholding of order. Thus, in 1479, when asked if they desired the rigorous enforcement of the edicts against highway robbers, they answered, "Yes." In 1499 the burghers

replied affirmatively to a question relating to the strict observance of the laws of war, and the punishment of those who ventured to infringe them. When, on the other hand, in 1513 they were asked to sanction a law for the amelioration of the penal code, they said, "No." Four years later they refused permission to the government to grant a pardon to "young Hetzel," who had been convicted of highway robbery. At that epoch, the sentiment of humanity had not been conceived. It is a well-known fact, moreover, that the republics of the Middle Ages were even more cruel in their treatment of evil-doers than contemporary monarchies.

M. d'Harcourt, formerly French envoy at Berne, in a paper which he lately contributed to the *Revue de France*, felicitously describes the Swiss commonwealth as a democracy tempered by good sense. Without this good sense, indeed, the most cunningly devised of federal pacts would have failed to make Switzerland what she is,—a republic that lasts, the oldest of existing democracies. In no other country, unless it be in England, do the spirit of compromise and the respect for precedence and prescription play so important a part as in the Helvetic Confederation; in none is there a more striking contrast between the mere letter of the Constitution and the temper in which it is administered. What, for instance, could seem more likely to give rise to grave inconvenience than the system of choosing every year a new president, who is not eligible for re-election? By the time he is installed in his office, and fairly familiar with its duties, he must prepare for the advent of a successor whose opinions may be altogether different from his own. In a government so organized, it might fairly be argued, there can neither be assured stability nor continuity of policy. In practice, however, no inconvenience occurs. The presidents of the Swiss Confederation learn their duties beforehand. They are always members of the Federal Council, they have probably more than once filled the office of vice-president, they possess few prerogatives. They share the responsibility of government with their colleagues of the Council, and their retirement from the presidency amounts to little more than the substitution of one chairman for another. The Federal Council is renewed every three years, but as it is the practice to re-elect the old members, vacancies, except by death or voluntary retirement, rarely occur. In this way the majority of the gov-

erning body is always composed of men thoroughly conversant with affairs. It is significant of the wisely conservative methods of Swiss statesmanship that the two most important representatives of the Confederation abroad — M. Kern, the minister at Paris, and M. Pioda, the minister at Rome — albeit, like the representatives of other powers, their appointments are revocable at the pleasure of the government, have retained their present positions for twenty-three and sixteen years respectively.

The same good sense and moderation mark the proceedings of the Federal Chambers. The National Council, the more popular branch of the Legislature, numbers only one hundred and forty members. In so small an assembly, there is neither scope nor encouragement for flights of oratory. Speeches are made in French or German, and although the deputies are, almost without exception, more or less conversant with both these languages, a man who would be understood must speak slowly and deliberately, and, above all, to the point. Bores are summarily dealt with. When a deputy makes impracticable proposals, nobody takes the trouble to answer him, and the Chamber passes to the order of the day. The Federal Assembly, in short, whether as touching the character or capacity of its members, worthily represents the country; yet its proceedings would probably be followed with greater interest, and its decisions treated with more respect, if it were not overshadowed by the tremendous power of the Referendum. A law-making body whose resolutions are liable to be revoked by its constituents cannot possess the same moral weight as one whose acts are final; and this weakness of the Legislature is the price which Switzerland has to pay for the privilege of the popular veto.

From All The Year Round.
A DAY AT COLOGNE.

At about halfpast four of a raw, dark October morning, I found myself being rolled and rumbled into the good city of Farina. The train gave up the sleepers and the sleepless, among the latter being the present writer and the two travellers in wine who had murdered sleep in our compartment with boisterous anecdotes — one exhibited, by-the-by, an ingenious lever corkscrew, which, when illustrated on a flask offered by one of the party,

only broke the cork — and we all went our several ways. Stepping from the long, white hall, where the "visiting" of the baggage was performed, I was in the street in the chill morning air; while through the gloom loomed the huge, even monstrous cathedral, that wonderful stone epic which had been commenced six hundred years ago, and was to be completed that day. There are events in a life of a unique kind, and worth any exertion to see, which neither king nor kaiser, with all their power, can command, and which do not recur. This is surely one. To walk round that deserted place, and look up, and look up again; to think what hopes, plans, aspirations, what dreams of life and death, what a heap of treasure, were all there embodied, and, after six hundred years of long waiting, were on that one little day — a grain of sand in a hill of sands — to find their glorious consummation, was in itself a strange and almost bewildering reflection. Entering by the great door, I find the same overpowering impression; the faint light of breaking morning struggling through the enormous windows; the huge region aloft near to the roof "one inspissated gloom," as Dr. Johnson once did say. Bells were tingled afar off in other regions; while from the choir came the low monotonous chant of a few canons, already beginning the office. Here were a few belated travellers like myself wandering about, whose steps echoed hollowly through the place. Lights twinkled here and there; figures came and departed out of the gloom. It is weary work journeying through the night; so I sat down by one of the great piers — one flank of which took some thirty paces to measure — and waited for the clearer day.

Here, then, in front rose the vast monumental choir, which alone for centuries had been a wonder of the world. It could not have been thus attractive but for the strange wave of devout enthusiasm which from the beginning prompted and carried on the work. From this very hour backwards to the memorable August in the year of grace 1248, when the first stone was laid by Archbishop Conrad, the monument has grown; now halting, now, as it were, going back and barely escaping ruin. I could see those dark recesses peopled with warlike groups: William of Holland, from the siege of Aix-la-Chapelle, attended by his leaguers, and the beleaguered burgesses from that city, to whom he had given truce for the purpose, grouped round and looking on. The architect, I thought, was there, but who he was, or what his name, is unknown, and never will be

known, though his plans survive him. Then the work goes on slowly till ninety years have elapsed, when the wonderful choir with its amazing stone tangle of pinnacles and buttresses, flying and standing, is completed. Another hundred and twenty years, and the northern tower rose, and never rose higher for some hundred years. Within another century a portion of a transept was reared, and the north aisle was partially roofed. And then it stood still; and so from the year 1500 the myriads of travellers passed, and saw and admired the unfinished ruin — for such it soon became — with the well-known crane, having an almost poetical significance, as who should say: "The work is but suspended; we shall soon resume. I am ready." In all the old engravings we see this faithful reminder. For four centuries it stood, until it could stand no longer; and, like the one-horse shay, collapsed early in this century to the inexpressible horror of the people, who forthwith had another reared, at which so many of our tourists, down to those of Mr. Cook, have gazed in bewilderment. Few think what an escape of perishing the whole noble fabric has had. When the Revolution came, and the canons and bishops were dispersed, and the revenues spoliated, it began to go fast to ruin. The roof grew crazy, the stones began to separate, and but for the masterly style of construction which threw all the weight on solid piers, the whole would have fallen in. When order at last reigned at Cologne, and King Frederick reigned over Prussia — that Frederick who was, rightly or wrongly, celebrated for his devotion to a particular "brand" of champagne — bright days came for the cathedral.

An enthusiastic German named Boisserée worked hard to kindle enthusiasm. He stirred his fellow countrymen; and, with a wonderful public spirit, a sum of nearly one hundred thousand pounds was obtained for the purpose of repairs and restoration. It was determined even to go further — to complete, or attempt to complete, the whole; and a department of the government, we are told, was willing to have plans for doing the thing in a cheap way: an iron roof, run-up walls, etc. But this was bravely put aside, and the original plan was to be adhered to; and here occurred one of the romances of church-building — for the enthusiastic Boisserée actually succeeded in discovering the designs for the north tower, as well as those for the great west window. The first was found at an inn at Darmstadt, where a housewife had nailed it

down on a stretcher to serve some kitchen need; a noble piece of parchment thirteen feet long, on which the tower was "projected" with beautiful finish and every exquisite detail. Then, looking through a work on architecture, the ardent Boisserée was attracted by a fine design of a window which seemed to him of the *genre* of his darling cathedral. He wrote to enquire, and it was found that it belonged to the series. So in the year of grace the work began, with marvellous enthusiasm on all hands.

Societies were formed; contributions in kind, in labor, in money, were freely offered; the worthy city of Stuttgart sending a vessel laden with hewn stone. On September 14, the laying the first stone of the restoration was performed by the king, attended by all the German princes. Swirner was the name of the modern architect. It would be hard to describe the difficulties and disappointments he encountered. An examination of the old work showed that before the additions could be attempted much must be taken down and rebuilt. The enormous height and intractable weight required foundations of the most costly kind, and the hope that the old builders had laid the entire foundations before beginning the building proved to be a disappointment. However, in forty years the whole has been accomplished; the main building being completed within twenty years, the towers and spires requiring slow and careful work to avoid settlement.

All this came back as I sat in the sombre choir on that dark morning, fancying the ghost of Archbishop Conrad was flitting through the aisles. But the light had now come, was pouring through the huge windows, some gorgeous, some of the vilest tints — pink and yellow — that Munich has ever turned out. One window is nearly sixty feet high. Indeed, the best idea of the height of the interior is gained by standing close to the great door and looking up the narrow, elongated arch, which soars straight up to the lancet-arch.

But here are all the visitors, pouring in, clattering about; many having thus wandered and clattered about the streets all night long. Outside, the two great towers and spires are, as it were, encaged in a not inelegant scaffolding, itself a surprising piece of work, contrasting with the clumsy mode in which such things are contrived with us, by means of ropes, tyings, and wedges. Here bolts and screws are used. But at the extreme pinnacle can be seen a little special eerie,

with a huge stone suspended — literally the last and highest of all; the strict antipodes, as it were, to the one laid by Archbishop Conrad six hundred years ago, which lies below. A photograph was selling of the finial, or *fleur-de-lis* which crowns the spire, taken as it stood on the ground near a man. It seemed to reach to the drawing-room window of a large London house, and of such dimensions it should be, as it was to rest some five hundred feet in the air. And yet, owing to its vast height, the building has an air of being short. But to walk round it slowly, and take stock as you go of the wondrous incidents, the ingenious irregularity of treatment, the boundless and luxurious extravagance of detail, would consume days. One thoroughly German and original idea is seen in the great tower, where there is space for two long windows running up to a vast height. A kind of supporting pillar runs up the corner of this tower, overlapping about a quarter of the side; but the rigidly conscientious architect would not content himself with a single window, but supplied a window and a half, leaving it evident what cause had deprived him of the other half.

Now I meet bands of blue-frocked soldiers without arms, marching hither and thither to act as barriers and keep the crowd off. Here is a well-meant but indifferently executed triumphal arch, and everywhere the usual green garlands and strips of red with Venetian poles. They order this matter better in France — much better — and even in Calais recently I saw a finer thing of the kind.

Behind the choir of the *Dom* was a great enclosure boarded in, with amphitheatre seats rising round, and a rather tawdry pavilion with a painted German imperial crown surmounting it. The most thrilling effect of the day was really the simultaneous clang of bells that broke out in perfect riot as the clock struck six, the enormous bells of the *Dom* itself booming away most melodiously through the universal jangle of the rest. By ten the streets were full, the roofs and windows lined, and even the scaffolding of the *Dom* itself laden. At all points good-humored crowds assembled, who bore with even more than usual good-humor the rather tyrannical dragooning of the Prussian *gendarmes*, who would break out into periodical fury and perform their favorite pastime of driving back the crowd by backing their horses and making them rear, the process being attended with oaths on their part, and screams on that

of their victims. The streets of an old city like Cologne are well adapted to a pageant or procession, with their tall old houses having stair-shaped roofs, and the old dates in iron figures, some of 1590, being narrow and tortuous, and going up and down hill. It seemed like a scene in the opera of "Faust," and one expected Siebel and the chorus of soldiers to be coming round the corner every moment. At last, however, they did come, the regular royal carriage procession: open victories with the chasseurs on the box, and the haughty helmed and plumed military chiefs sitting within. Never indeed was the military spirit and dominion of the Prussian so conspicuously displayed.

A soldier-ridden people this, surely, as Mr. Carlyle would say — that is, if we were to take stock of the incredible variety of uniform, pink, and pale blues, and white, and unbounded gold and silver lace, and white plumes, so as to give more the idea of a *bal d'opera* than of service. How this showy raiment can stand a campaign, and the tight fleshings rather than trowsers literally endure the strain, is hard to conceive.

At last, however, distant roarings, rather faint, and not to be compared to lusty English cheers, proclaim that the imperial train has come in, and presently one sees a pleasant operatic effect, as what newspapers call the royal *cortège* goes at full speed up the steep little street, a train I suppose of some forty carriages, full to satiety of kings and grand dukes and princes, all beplumed and helmeted and becrossed, and it may be added, bechasseured. They shot by at full gallop, and in regular flashes, illuminating the tortuous streets. Last of all came the worthy old emperor, as showy and brilliant as if he were going to a fancy ball, in a gilt helmet and plumes, and blazing with stars. A sort of old Colonel Newcome, only a little more gruff.

The amphitheatre was a brilliant scene as all the ranks rose to greet him. But again there was something operatic in the air of the whole, a cathedral scene as it might be termed. The newspapers have done justice to the rest, the lowering of the stone, etc., when there came a moment of true inspiration. The cannons thundered out, and the people shouted, and all the bells in the city broke out once more in furious clang, making even the earth over old Archbishop Conrad's vault quiver. So was the work of six hundred years accomplished on this one Friday in October, 1880.

From Chambers' Journal.

ERUPTIONS OF VOLCANIC ASH.

ON the morning of Sunday, the 4th of January this year, as we learn from the proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, a rare occurrence took place at the Grande Soufrière, in the island of Dominica, in the West Indies. This was an eruption of volcanic ash from one of the dormant vents in the interior of that mountainous and rugged island. The president of Dominica, Mr. Eldridge, says: "The morning was cloudy, with heavy and continuous showers. A few minutes past eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and during a heavy rainfall, one or two vivid flashes of red lightning were observed; thunder was heard, but not following in quick succession the electric discharges; it was deep-toned, rolling, and distant. All at once there was a great darkness. A few minutes before the darkness, the attention of many persons was attracted to the milk-white appearance of the rain, which was succeeded by a downfall of inky blackness. This singular phenomenon lasted some fifteen minutes; and on the return of light, it was discovered that the ground was covered with the scoriae from a volcano. The rainfall was highly charged with lead." Mr. G. B. Blane, C.E., the surveyor-general of the island, gives some other interesting details of the event. He says the rain at first was "thick and of a grayish-white hue, and the gutters were running with water almost as white as milk." For some time after the 4th January, the mountain, which is two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, was covered with a dense mist, till dispersed by a heavy gale of wind. It was then discovered that one of the mountain ridges had almost disappeared, and that the trees on the outlying spurs were completely blasted and burned. The mountain was, before this, the locality of many geysers in active operation, and Mr. Blane supposes that the deluge of rain had choked the subterranean fissures connected therewith, the resulting steam and pent-up internal forces causing the violent eruption that followed.

The emission of volcanic ash in all cases accompanies eruption, this ash being the molten matter, which is blown into a finer or coarser powder by the force of the explosions. In general, it only falls round the centre of eruption, thus in course of time building, up to the height of several thousand feet, those cone-shaped piles which are characteristic

of volcanic mountains. But an eruption, such as that of the Grande Soufrière in January, which does not escape by the old vent, but forces a passage otherwise, carrying away, perhaps, a large portion of the ridge surrounding the mouth of the crater, sends into the air an enormous quantity of the ash which may have been accumulating for centuries. This it frequently does with tremendous force, expelling the ash and débris to such a height as, aided by the wind, will suffice to spread it over hundreds of miles of sea and land. It was under a shower of this kind that the ancient cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried; and its occurrence appears to be much more injurious to the districts affected, and on a vastly wider scale, than that of an eruption which is chiefly accompanied by an outflow of lava.

Such an outburst as that of the Grande Soufrière is a rare event, and more so, it seems, in these western islands. On another of this same group of islands, St. Vincent, about a hundred miles south from Dominica, is another volcanic mountain known as the Soufrière, and in connection with which there was a similar eruption of volcanic ash in 1812. Of this event we have an account written some years ago, by a correspondent, who, when the eruption took place, was living on the island of Barbadoes, about sixty miles east of St. Vincent. This correspondent says: "On the morning of May-day of that year, I awoke as usual; but finding it still dark, went to sleep again. A second time I awoke, and asked: 'Could it still be dark? Surely it must be morning.' It was too intensely still and dark for a tropical night, which is often anything but a season of repose. I felt some alarm, not only at the unusual stillness, but at the darkness, which, like the Egyptian darkness of old, was not only evident, but I may say palpable. A servant at length came, in a state of great fear and trepidation, declaring that something awful was going to happen, as it was six o'clock, and the sun should have been high in the heavens by this time. Part of our property stretched along the shore; and on looking across the sea, I perceived one spot of light which was gradually closing in; and when that was gone out, no ray of light was visible in the whole heavens. The low, hollow murmur of distant thunder was now to be heard, but unaccompanied by lightning; and a close, sandy grit, at times converted into fine ashes, was silently falling. My mother, with whom I lived,

now joined us, and stated that darkness had set in about half past one, since which time the dust had continued to fall. No one could account for the phenomenon, which was productive of the greatest alarm to all of us, who naturally considered it the forerunner of some awful calamity; and we spent an hour in a state of mind very nearly bordering on anguish. To our own distress were added the groans and frantic cries of our negroes, who were fast gathering round us, the flickering glare of the torches which they carried, making the unnatural darkness all the more horrible.

"About eight o'clock meteors, resembling globes of fire about the size of a thirteen-inch shell, appeared in the north-east, crossing each other in every direction, and accompanied by so incessant a downfall of ashes that it was quite impossible to look out. My grandfather, who was a peculiar old man, collected at this time a handful of the dust, and brought it into the house, to see whether it was, as he supposed by the smell, charged with sulphur; but on throwing a small quantity into the fire, we were glad to observe that there was nothing inflammable in its composition. At nine o'clock, the sky to the north assumed a purple and lurid appearance, as of a vast town on fire in the distance, accompanied by a tremulous motion something resembling that of the aurora borealis. The horrid and unnatural glare of the sky lent a more ghastly aspect to the prevailing darkness; and explosions were now heard to the northwest, as of two frigates exchanging broadsides. Many people, expecting an earthquake, left their houses, and took refuge in the low-walled huts of the negroes; for though not prevalent in Barbadoes, yet earthquakes, and severe ones, had been experienced in the adjacent islands. This fear added much to the misery of these hours. About ten o'clock, we became aware of large flights of birds passing over the island, flying so low that we could distinctly hear the flapping of their wings. As was afterwards found, they were large sea-birds called "men-of-war" and "coblars," and were unable to rise high owing to the weight of ashes, which accumulated upon them as they flew, and which in many instances bore them down to the ground altogether. During this time of painful suspense, there came through the darkness, soft and clear, the sound of church bells, and we knew that a call to devotions was being made, in view of the mysterious calamity that seemed impending over us.

"About a quarter past twelve F.M., to our intense relief, and infinite thankfulness and delight, there appeared above our heads a small space as of light breaking through; and in another quarter of an hour we could trace the form of the sun in the same spot, though still much obscured. At no period of the day did light amount to more than a dull twilight; and at five o'clock the day closed altogether, and darkness succeeded until next morning. During all this time the dust continued to fall. For the first two hours it fell in comparatively small quantities; but during the next ten hours the ashes came down thickly, and in the form of an impalpable powder. From one to six the fall of ashes began to decrease, and at six it ceased altogether. Next morning, to our great joy, daylight broke as usual, though we were still in complete ignorance as to the cause of the phenomenon. And it was not till the arrival of a vessel in Carlisle Bay on the 6th of May, that we learned that what we had experienced was due to a terrific eruption of Mount Soufrière, in the island of St. Vincent. This volcano, which had been dormant or inactive for nearly a century, began to burst forth on the 27th April; on the 30th it had reached a state of high eruption; and on the morning of the 1st of May the lava began to pour from its sides, accompanied by loud explosions like thunder, and great outbursts of smoke and flame. The previous discharge of ashes had been carried by a wind setting in our direction, over the Barbadoes; and hence our period of painful alarm and consternation."

From Cassell's Family Magazine.
THE ART OF WOOD-WEAVING.

THE manufacturing district of the Austrian Empire lies in the north of Bohemia, where miniature Birminghams and Manchesters are congregated together by the dozen, and hundreds of thousands of "hands" are actively and ceaselessly employed. For miles the high-road is bordered by houses, chiefly one-storied wooden buildings with roofs of thatch or shingle, where the rattle of looms may be heard without intermission from early dawn till late at night. In some of the towns numberless chimneys pour forth volumes of black smoke by day, while by night the windows of the large factories glow with light as if there were a general illumination. One of the

busiest of these little towns and villages is Ehrenberg, which lies close to the Saxon frontier, and is distinguished from the rest by a peculiar industry which appears to be carried on in only two other places besides. The peculiar industry for which Old Ehrenberg is distinguished is wood-weaving — *sparterie*-work, as it is called — which was introduced something more than a century ago by a carpenter named Anton Menzel. The threads used for weaving are no thicker than writing-paper, and vary in width from the fifth to the twenty-fifth part of an inch. The aspen is the only tree whose wood is sufficiently tough and pliable to supply these threads in the required lengths. The aspen was formerly indigenous in Bohemia, but has now almost entirely disappeared or at all events does not exist in sufficient quantities to supply the demand in any degree. Consequently the raw material for the sparterie work has to be brought from Russian Poland, which is both a laborious and expensive process. The wood-merchants go to Poland twice every year — in the early spring and in the autumn, the only times at which the wood can be cut with advantage, as none can be used at once but that in which the sap has not yet risen or from which it has departed. Wood cut during the summer has to lie in water for a year, otherwise it is red and useless. It must be quite free from knots, as the smallest defect or irregularity, such as ordinary persons would hardly notice, makes the fibres quite unfit for weaving purposes. Arrived in Ehrenberg, the wood is planed and divided into pieces nearly 2·5 inches wide. When these have been made perfectly smooth they are divided again by an instrument resembling a plane, but furnished with a number of fine knife-blades which mark the wood at regular distances according as the strips are to be ·04 or ·2 of an inch in width. This process requires the utmost dexterity and nicety, as it is absolutely essential that the divider should exactly follow the direction of the fibre; and for this reason among others it must always be done by hand. The divider makes incisions ·2 of an inch deep; the wood is then carefully planed, and comes off in thin, paper-like strips, some of which are not wider than a stout thread. They are gathered up as they fall by women, who examine them and pick out any defective pieces; and in spite of all the care taken in the selection and manipulation of the wood, there is a good deal of waste in the process. The threads or

fibres, being now ready, must be tied in couples at one end before they can be woven. This work is done by children, and in Ehrenberg little creatures of four years old and upwards are employed at it, and earn fourpence a day. The weaving is done chiefly by women, and in looms which differ considerably from those in ordinary use, the fibre being as before mentioned not more than from thirty-nine to fifty inches in length. The longer fibres form the warp, the shorter (twenty-eight to thirty-two inches), the woof, which is passed in and out by means of a little instrument with an eye like a needle. Until within the last few years this concluded the whole process — the "foundations," as they are called, were complete and nothing more was done, except that a few hats and caps were made of them; but these were of the very simplest description and anything but becoming. Moreover, they were glued together, which made them very unpleasant to wear in hot or wet weather, and accordingly they fetched but fifteen-pence or two shillings fourpence per dozen, and were worn only by the very lowest classes. Within the last few years, however, a great change for the better has taken place, thanks probably in part to the interest shown by the government in the manufacture, in part to the establishment of an enterprising firm, and in part, perhaps, to the fact that the Ehrenbergers have at last become alive to their own interests. At present Ehrenberg sends out not only the raw material, but ready-made goods — fashionable hats of all kinds, and a variety of fancy articles skilfully concocted out of the wood fabric; ladies' hats of every possible description and the latest fashion, such as no one need be ashamed to wear, are made entirely of wood, and sold at astonishingly low prices. Men's hats are to be had of all shapes, from the Panama hat — not a whit inferior to that bought in Paris — to the common hats exported in large quantities to China, and the linings or foundations which give stiffness to the fez of the Turkish soldier. The export trade embraces all Europe, from Spain to Russia, extends beyond the Caucasus to India and China, and maintains active relations with North and South America, as well as Australia. The manufacturers are in direct communication with the four quarters of the world, and their goods are being introduced into Africa by French and English traders.